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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Virtuous Octavia

by Samuel Brandon

Date of only known edition 1598

(Dyce Collection, S. Kensington.)

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

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Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Virtuous Octavia

by Samuel Brandon

1598

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The Virtuous Octavia

By S. Brandon

1598

This facsimile is from a copy of the original and only known early edition in the Dyce collection at S. Kensington. Other copies are in the Bodleian and at Chatsworth.

For biographical details the student is referred to “The Dictionary of National Biography.”

The special presentment here made, of the verso and recto pages side by side, is due, as in the case of “Tom Tiler and his Wife” (q.v.), to the obvious desirability of introducing no new sizes into this series—these two plays, one a 16mo. and the other a 12mo., standing alone in this respect.

The reproduction is good and in every way satisfactory.

JOHN S. FARMER.

Ma
THE TRA-
G I C O M O E D I
of the vertuous
Octavia.

Done by SAMUEL BRANDON.
1598.

Carmen amat, qui quis carmine digna gerit.



LONDON
Printed for William Ponsonby,
and are to be soulde at his shop
in S. Paules Church-
yarde.

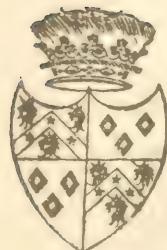


To the right honorable,
and truly vertuous Ladie, the
Ladie LUCIA AVDELAY:
health, honor, happiness
and heauen.

Rare Phoenix, which your life do sacrifice,
In Vertues flame, to finde a safe diuine:
Rich treasuror, of meauors best treasures,
In whom worth wifdome honor Vertues shine.
Sdaine not, these artleffe humble lines to view,
With honor eyes let vertues plants be scand,
That she whose Vertues dwelled are in you,
By you may scape from Iylianas hand.
Her dying fame, by you may be preserved,
Whiles times, and men, and memory endure:
Your living name by her thoughts be reserved,
Did not these lines, too much her worth obscure.
These lines, wherein, if ought be free from blame,
Your noble Genius taught my Pen the same.

A. ii.

All



All' autore.

THe Thracian Poet, that reuiu'd his wife,
Breeding in furies, pity, and delight;
Whose fame doth yet surauie his shortned life,
Must honor yeeld to what thou doest indire.
For he, who often times by Musickes force,
Did serpents charme, streames stay, and trees remoue:
In womenes mindes, could never mooue remorse,
As his unhappy end doth plainly prooue.
Wherefore me I pras'd be thy praise worthy muse,
Which faire surmounts the might of antique aage:
Winning that sexes grace, which did refuse
By hearing Orpheus, to relent their rage.
Because no musick with their minde accordes:
But that which vertues harmonie affordes.
M. A.

Prosoopoepia al libro.

VHen barking enuie saw thy birth,
A straight conternd the same:
And arm'd his tongue, to gue a charge,
Thy weakenesse to diffame.
But seeing honors golden hooke,
So hacket to vertues lyne:
He fled away as halfe afraid,
Yet ceaft not to repine.
But feare not Morus, make returne,
And haply for thy paine
Thou maist Antonius coullors beare
When he reuiues againe.
S. B.



The Argument.

After the death of *Julius Cesar*, & the ouerthrow of *Brutus* and *Cassius* the chiefe conspirators: the gouernment of the Romaine Empire, remained vnto *Octauius Cesar*, *Marke Antony*, and (at that time) *Sextus Pompeius*. *Marke Antony*, to confirme an inuiolable league of amitie, betweene *Cesar* and himselfe: tooke to wife *Oetilia*, the sister of *Cesar*. *Antony* and *Cesar* falling at debate, met at *Tarentum* with theire armes, and had bin the cause of much bloudshed: but that they were appeased, by the wisdome of *Oetilia*. Not long after, *Antony* going to make warre with the *Parthians*, and comming into *Syria*: the place renewed the memory, and the memory reuived

the

THE ARGUMENT.

the long intermitted loue, he once bare to *Cleopatra* the Queene of *Egypt*: Be therefore wholy subiecting himselfe to the desire of this *Cleopatra*: forsaketh his vertuous wife *Oetilia*. Wherevpon, hir brother *Cesar* disdaining that she should suffer so great an indignite: maketh warre vpon *Antony*, and ouercometh him, first at *Actium*, and then at *Pelusium*, to the vter ruine and destruction, both of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*.

Octa-



Octauiae tragicomedia.

The stage supposed Rome.

The Actors.

Ottanius Cæsar who was afterwards called
Augustus.

Ottania the sister of Cæsar & wife of Antony.

Mecenæs. Two of the nobles of Ottanius.

Agrippa. Cæsar.

Camilia. Romaine Ladies.

Iula.

Antonius children.

Sy'usa, a licentious woman.

Titus. Consuls.

Plancus.

Geminus a Capitaine.

Byllus nuntius.

Chorus. Roman.o.

Aetus primus.

Ottania. Camilia. Iula.

Camilia, now me thinkes this golden tyme,
Inuites our mindes to baile in dreames of ioy :
See how the earth doth flow all in his prime,
Whose liuery shewes the absence of annoye.
These woods, how they bedeckt with natures pride,
Shew inwarde touche of new conceiued myrthe .
The pretty byrdes, that in their couerts hide,
(Free Citizens, eu'en happy from their birthe)
How they reiyeve ! and every teneble thing,
Iuen smiles with ioy : the earth perfumes the ayre,
The ayre, sweete Nectar to the earth doth bring,
And both with ioye, beget thele children fayre.
How richly nature dooth her wealth enrobe :
Giuing each thing his beautie, forme and grace.
Eye-pleasing greene, circle of this our globe,
Great myrour of Apollos youthfull face.
Coulor of life, youthes liuery, how delight
Dwells still with thee,whiles we,whom treason named
(But fally namde and if I judge aright)
Princes of all the rest that nature framed :
Still subiect are to sorrowes tyranny,
Slaues to mischance, vassals of fortunes power ;

Bearing

The Tragiconoedie

Bearing the yoake of endlesse miserie :
Faire baites of time which dooth vs all deuoute
Now raiside aloft in honoris highest seate,
Yet in that height faire short of swerte content,
Now, throwne downe headlong, be we nere so great,
In gulfe of greefe, which we may not prevent.
Our pleasures, (posting guests,) make but small stay,
And neuer once looke backe when they are gone:
Where greefes bide long, and leaue such scores to pay;
As make vs banckerout ere we thinke thereon.
Yet this same earth with new-borne beauties grac'd,
Doth say me thinkes in his dumbe eloquence :
Thus shall you spring, mongst heauenly angels plac'd,
Whē deaths cold winter once hath snatched you hence.
These flowers, do bid vs in their language, read
In beauties booke, how beautie is most fraile :
Whose youthfull pride, th' vntimely steps doth tread,
To deaths blacke kingdome, darke obliuions vaille.
These natures quiristers, do plainly say,
Waste thus your time, in setting forth his praise :
Who feedes, who clothes, who fils our harts with ioye
And from this dead earth, dooth our bodies raiſe.
Thus all their mirthe, are accents of our moane :
Their blisfull state, of our vnhappinesse,
A perfect map, where only we alone,
May see our good, but neuer it possesse.

Cam. Madam, as nature more then perfect is,
And farre more faire, then that we faireſt call :
So you as heyre apparant to his blisse,

Chiefē

of the vertuous Of faine.

Chiefē treaſurer of his perfections all ;
Will shew your ſeſe moſt wife, and moſt diuine,
In curious ſearch of her moſt hidden will ;
And following but her ſooṭeſteps, yet refine:
The vniuersall ſecrets of her ſkill.
Yet I admire, your Eagleſighted eye,
Which hath truthe ſun-bright cyrle ſo well knowne
In others worthe, diſcernes each Attonee,
Forgetfull moſt, of what is moſt your owne.
These other creatures, haue their properties,
Which ſhew, their Syre no niggard of his ſtore,
But ſuch great giuſtes our mindes immortalize,
As proude ambitions ſelue, can wiſh no more.
And you, great Ladie, whose high honor aſſyes,
With vertues winges, in admirations ayre :
Towring an Eagles pyche, aboue the ſkies,
Where vulgar thoughts, are ſetled in deſpair ;
You, whose deſignes, haue put out enuies eyes,
Whose lampē of vertue giues the pureſt light ;
You, that enforcē weake fame to roiallize,
Such high reuolues, as farre ſurpaſſe her might ;
You, whose large praise, makes naked vertue lowre,
And tyres report, in painting out your ſtorie ;
You, in whose lappe doth ſtreame the golden ſhower,
Of all good fortune, gracing highest glorie.
O how can you, once entertained thought,
That these high ioyes ſhould ſtoupe toorrowes iure ?
Or how can true felicitie be brought,
The ſmalleſt touche of paſſion to endure ?

Lct

The Tragicomedia

Let those complaince, which suck misfortune paps :
Who know nougnt els of vertue but the name,
Who leeming wife, are snar'd in follyes traps,
Whose rash attempts, breed twift ensuing shame.
But you heauens day-starre, pillar of our blisse,
O want you euer, cloudes of discontent :
You are our joy, we all joyes, all shoulf misse,
Did not your funne-beaines guild our firmament.
Od. Did not thy true loue feale this president,
I shoulf suspect a serpent mongst the flowers :
And hardly judge faire wordes from false intent,
Pore niggard truth, rich flattery, powres down shewes.
But loyall Ladies, doo you thinke in faith,
That highest honor, joyes most sweet content ?
Cam. It doth no doubt, for high, and heauenly faith
The proue be olde, to which I giue consent.
Od. The heare me speake, what I shal say by proose,
And what experiance printed in my hart :
Perhaps a stori for your owne behoove,
Where I my selfe, haue played an actors part.
In youthe, I thought though fally thought) that best
Which fairest seemde, and my aspvrng minde
Disdained, though not with pride; that there shoulf ren
A mean borne thought, within my thoughts confin'd.
Treading this path, I was at last desired,
By Lord *Marcellus*, for his spouse, and wife.
Marcellus, he whose worthie fame a pyred,
To th' highest toppe of honor, during life.
If wealth, (nurse of delight) mought breed content :

I had

of the vertuous Octavia.

I had no want of store to make me glad:
My greatnelle did ambitious thoughts preuen:
Such high succelle *Marcellus* honours had.
Proude *Carthage* knowes, his youthfull sword did pay
Large tribute of their soules to *Aegian* lake:
His middle age, the stoutest *Gaues* did fraye,
Marcellus name made their huge armies quake.
His ancient yeares, made cratlic *Hamiball*
Admire the proues, and valour of his foe:
Thrice bitter name, that cursed *Carribal*,
By bloudie treation, made him life forgoe,
Fiu times this citie grac'd my worthy Lord,
Or rather he them grac'd, with *Consuls* name:
What they to others suites would scarce afford,
They joyde to see my Lord accept the fame.
Now Ladies to forget my present state,
Did joy thinke you this while orecharge my minde?
I ioyde I must confessse, to see how fate
With boundes of honor, had my life confin'de.
But when I found, how monster enuie, feedes
On highest honor, as his daintiest pray:
How brightest fier, great store of fuell needes,
To keepe his light, and beautie from decay.
When that I found the musike of my minde,
Tunde to the concorde, of *Marcellus* blisse :
And sawe, true valour had his life assignde,
To haughtie *Mar*, whose course most dangerous is.
I liu'd in him, he spent his royll dayes,
In bloudie bosome of life-scouring warrs ;

Safetie

The Tragicomœdie

Safetie may breedie delight, not nourish praise;
Harde is the way, from th'earth vnto the staires.
Whiles thus our state, depended on his sworde,
And thousand thoulards fought his finall end:
Could my true loue, in all this time, afforde
One quiet thought in perfect mirthle to spend?
So many perils as on earth are found,
So many dangers as on raging seas,
So many terours all my joyes confound.
For true loue passions are no weake disease.
But is this all? no, more it more may be,
Tis greater care, to keepe, then get, a crowne.
Vertue dooth raife by small degrees we see:
Where in a moment Fortune cast vs downe.
And surely those that liue in greatest place,
Must take great care, to be such as they seeme:
They are not princes, whom sole tytles grace,
Our princelie vertues, we should most esteeme.
The sandes on *Neptunes* shores, and beaomy staires,
Do not exceede the number of those cares
Which in our mindes, do stirre vp ciuill warres,
And croise delights accountes, at vnawares.
Let this suffice, the tempest soonest teares
The highest towers, and who will mount alofte,
The more he climes, the more his footing feares:
Often he slides, but sildome falleth softe.
What words, can paint the infinite of woes?
What tongue, can halfe those miseries relate?
Which thundring fortune, threatned to impose

Vpon

of the vertuous Octavia.

Vpon my head, at *Tarcnt*, but of late.
When as mine eyes mought see (though loth to see)
The sunnes, with whose eclipse, my fortune changed:
Mine owne deare Lord, and brother, both to be
In mortall armes, against each other ranged.
Which tempest calmed, the storme begins againe,
On mischieses maine, full sayles mishap doth beare:
I know not now what doth my Lord detaine,
But for I know not, I know cause to feare.
To visit him, at laist I was contented,
And in those forraine coastes to make appeale:
But my accesse, at *Ashen*, he preuented,
Which makes me thinke, more then I will reueale.
And can I then with sorowes waight oppresed,
Thinke to enamell my conceit with ioy?
Can I, that am with fortunes wracke distresed,
Hope to escape the Ocean of annoy?
Why, this is ioy, to taste no scence of death,
Till dying how'vr, have stopt our vitall breath.
Julia. Tis true delight, to know no cause of greefe,
Although the outward signes of ioy be small:
Who most reioycing, feeles that inward theefe,
A stayned conscience findes no ioy at all.
Can. Indeede I thinke, true ioy, a thing feuer,
Springing from fountaine of a vertuous minde:
From spotlesse faith, and conscience pure and cleare,
The chiefest good, the heauies haue vs alligne.
For as some weepe, that are not passing sad:
So many laugh that are not rightly glad.

Gemi-

The Tragicomœdie

Geminus. Titus.

Say worthie *Titus*, what rare accident,
In so short time, did bring to happie end,
The cruell warres, which *Cesars* discontent,
Gainst Lord *Antonius*, lately did intend;
How could so many weapons thirsting bloud,
Be satisfied with vncpected peace?
What powerfull starres importun'd vs such good?
And did their angers tyranny supprese?
Tit. That will I doo, my good friend *Geminus*.
And much the sooner, for that you may know,
No force, or weapons, hath procured vs,
The happy true, wherein we glory now.
It was the time, when the declining sunne
Made greatest shew of least performed light:
And by his swift departure had begun,
To yeedle his interest, to th' extoching night.
When as the leas, euen burthened with our waight,
Delivred vs vnto the perfid view
Of dreadfull *Tarquin*: where for vs did waight,
Antonius fleet, with all their marshall crew.
There did our drowned anchors make vs stay,
Within the iawes of dangers tyranny:
There, we discouered by the flying daye,
The agents of our threatened misery.
Who can expresse the horror of that night,
When darkenesse lent her robes to monstre scared?
And heauens black mantle banishing the light,

Made

of the vertuous Octavia.

Made every thing in ougly forme appeare.
Vntill *Aurora*, with faire purple flowres,
Like louing spoule, had strawed *Tytans* wate:
Whose glorious beames, began to guilde the towres,
As ioyfull post, of pleasure-bringing day.
Then did loude Martiall musicke charme a sleepe,
Each languishing conceit, in doubtfull breke:
And new borne comfort, now began to crepe,
In every minde, with cau'etis feare opprest.
Then, pride of honor, made vs scorne our foes:
And courage added wings to our desire.
To present sight, we all our selues dispose:
With bloudie flowers, to quenche incensed ire.
But ere our armes, had their charge fulfilled,
Ere weapons, had our inward rage exprest:
Loe where *Octavia*, comes into the field,
Twixt both our armes, she her selfe addrest.
Where with the Nectar of hir eloquence,
With words that mought relente indurate frost:
With maiestie, and beauties influence,
She stayes our Captaines, and affronts each boast.
O how I see that wonder-breeding face!
O how I heare those hart-enchanting wordes!
C face! o wordes! that mente highest grace!
Immortal sure, bale earth none such affords,
No womans weapon bündes her princely eye;
No womans weakeesse, hir tongues paillage stayes:
Like one, that did both death, and fate defie,
Minerva-like she stands, and thus she stayes.

B

Heere

The Tragicomœdie

Heire will I bide, and this same bret oppose
To all your weapons, and whole wicked band,
Shall first beginne t' assaile or strike his foes,
Shall strike this hart, and breake this vitall band.
No bloudie deed, *Octaviaes* eyes shall gaine,
A wimble of your loathed crueltie :
But through this body shall the first be slaine,
That in this battle, is compell'd to dye.
It honor, vertue, wrothie, or pietie.
Lieue in your mindes, which beare such lofie names :
Returne your weapons, and heire quietly,
With reaton, quench the force, of angry flames.
Els, let some bloudie executioner,
First robbe this leahous tombe, of loathed life :
And then, no longer neede you to deterre,
The isle, of your more then mortall stite.
Much more she said, which none but she can say,
And with her sugred speech, so much preuald,
That like *Medusaes* marbled creatures, they
Amazed stood, so was their furie quaid.
Looke how that *trydent* scepter bearing king,
His ofte rebelling subiects, dooth supprese,
And with a sodaine becke in order bring,
Their disproportion, with a quiet peace ;
When that the pride, of some true-wanting stome,
Doth summon vp their treason-working power,
Now gracing terror, with huge mountaines forme,
Now with steepe whille poole, seeking to deuoure :
So stood the Emperors, with hir wordes amazed,

Hir

of the vertuous Octavia.

Hir words, which seemde the myrrour of hir deede :
As men enchanted so on hir they gazed,
And in hir face, new lectures ganne to rede.
But when she saw, hir words did take effect,
Then powrde she forth the quintessence of witte :
And never did hir enterprise neglece,
Till both the Emperours bewitcht with it ;
Not onely, did forget all former hate,
But even there, before *Octaviaes* face,
A league of friendship they did consummate,
And louingly each other did imbrace.
O what a ioyfull sight, 'twas to behoulde
A dangerous fight, turn'd to a daintie feast.
To see how friends salute each other could,
That but even now, each other did detest.
There did both armes sport in great delight,
And enterchangeably their loues expresse.
As captiues, foild without blood, wound or fight.
They praise the conquest, and the victor blesse.
Then did *Antonius*, for *Octaviaes* sake,
Giue vnto *Casar* twentie Brygantines :
Which *Casar* did in courteous maner take,
And in requitall of his kinde designes,
Did twice ffe hundred armed soldiers, giue
To *Anthony* : and quickly one mought finde,
The sparkes of emulation made them strie,
Who mought doe most, to please *Octaviaes* minde.
Gem. O noble deed, de'cruing highest praise,
Well worthye to out-lieue all memorie :

B ii.

Life-

The Tragicomœdie

Life sauing Empresse, how thy wisdome flaiers,
Euen swarmes of soules, from flouer tyranny.
But why did not *Antonius*, in like sorte
Returne to *Roome*, to pay delight her due.
Tu. He presently to'ards *Parthia* did resort,
Against their King' the warres for to renue.
And recommending all his owne affaires,
His wife, his children, and what els was deare,
To *Cæsars* best disposing : he repayres,
To *Syria*, and intends to winter there. (encluse.
Gem. Roome thou that keepest, the pearle that doth
Heauen's dearest treasure, in earths finest frame,
Be never so vngratefull, to obtrude
Night-blacke oblivion, to her noble name.

Camilla. Geminus.

Come *Geminus*, and vnto me relate,
What made the Empresse, after her entent :
What did your voyage thus abbricuate,
And all your expectations preuent,
Fame bad concealer of our close entents)
Said, that the Empresse would to *Syria* goe :
To see *Antonius*, who himselfe absentes,
But your returne, doth shew it was not so.
Gem. Madame, when *Æolus* had once conuain'd
Our mouing houses, vnto that same place,
Where noble *Cetrops*, the foundations lay'd,
Which are the *Grecian* confins chiefeſt grace :
There, long before we could approach the gates

Q f

of the vertuous Octavia.

Of that faire City, we encounter'd were,
With people of all ages, and estates,
Who in their handes, did boughes of Lawrell beare.
Some on their knees, with ioy, and wonder fil'd,
Salute the Empresse : some rich giftes present,
Some straw'd the way with flowers, and some distil'd
Their sweet perfumes, along the fields we went.
Thus to the City were we guarded straight,
Where for our comming, all the states awaite.
There were our eyes, iniuted to beholde
Most sumptuous shewes, with many pleasing sights :
There did we heare, their learned tongues vnsolde.
The muses skill, with rauishing delights,
Their lowd applause, which pierc'd the very skies,
Extolde *Octavia* past the reach of fame :
And silent *Echo*, wakened with their cries,
Taught all the neighbour hylles, to bleſſe her name.
Thus frankly did two daies themſelues bestow,
To gratifie our entertainement there :
Whiles *Antonie*, who as it seem'd did know
Of our approach, and thereof stood in feare :
Sent *Niger*, vnto *Athens*, with all speed,
Who to *Octavia* letters did conuay :
Requiring her no further to proceede,
But for his comming in that place to stay,
For thither meant he shortly to repayre,
And therefore would not, ſhe ſhould undertake
So long a iorney, which mought much impaire
Her health, and quiet, bootleſſe for his ſake.

B 3

She

The Tragiconuedie

She, halfe suspecting (as there was good caute,
That this was but a practise of delay :
Although vnwilling, yet she made a pause,
As one that knew not how to disobay.
But finding all his words to want effect,
And seeing nothing mought his minde recall:
Such thing, she doth vnto him straight direct,
As she had brought, to pleasure hi n withall.
Which was, two thouafond chosen men at armes:
Great store of hortes, wonte to winne their price ;
Much armour, to defend themselfes from harmes,
A richely wrought, as cunning could devize ;
Guites, to reward his best-deseruing friends ;
A summe of money for his souldiers paye ;
And briefly all his care, and studie bende,
To laue his wayning honor, from decaye.
But whē she saw, nought mought his thoughts recline
Vnkinde, saith she, fencelesse of thine owne shame,
Ile be my selfe, since thou wilt not be mine:
Thus she concluded, and away we came.

Cam. O peerelesse paragon ! O natures pride !
Faire Cabinet, where wisdomes treasure lies,
Earths glory, and the heauenis beloued bride,
Rich seate of honor, vertues paradize,
Most noble Empresse, praise of women kinde,
Whose faith endures the rage of fortunes flame:
Whose constant truthe, and truly vertuous minde,
Scornes smallest touche of iust-deserued blame.
How naturall, and vndeuided, are

The

of the vertuous Octavia.

The sparkes of honor, in a noble harte :
How industrie, and wit, may not compare,
With that true touche, our birthright doth imparte.
Liue vertuous Empresse, myrrour of our age,
Though chance discharge whole vollyes of reproach ;
With fortitude withstand proud fortunes rage,
Let not despaire, neare thy sweete thoughts encroache.
Time must needs turne thy mourning vnto ioye,
For true delight from hence his spring doth take :
When we with patience suffer sharpe annoye,
Not for our merits, but for vertues sake.

Chorus.

H Eauens, heare poore earth complaine,
How wee, your frownes doe beare :
When all things els rejoyce,
Joye scornes with vs to dwell.
And reasons selfe can tell,
Each mische discouering voice,
Assures our iudging care,
How all things els want paine :
Scence-following creatures kynde,
No cause, why to lament,
In them, remors dooth sene,
No seedes of discontent.
We see, and know, but waste our blisse :
Unperfekt nature causeth this.

B 4.

722

The Tragicomœdie

Yea nature mostunkinde,
Contriver of our fall:
Begins our life with teares,
And ends the same with woe.
Greffe (pleasures mortall foe)
Confounds our hope with feares:
And fowres our sweete with gall.
This Tyrant of the munde:
By reason, wist, or skill,
Can never be withstood:
These aggrauate our ill,
By shewing what was good.
And wiste of that tormentes noyse:
Whose worthe appereis in being lost.

Were nature faylyng manid
A stepdame to mankende,
That sexe, which we accoune
Unperfekt, weake, and fraile,
Could not in worthe preuaile:
And men so faire furrowes,
We shold Octavia finde,
In some sorte to be blamid.
She winnes immortall fame,
Whiles he who shold excell
Dishonour'd hath his name,
And by his weaknesse fell.
For double shame he douth deserve,
Who being guid dooth sonnest straue.

and

of the vertuous Octavia.

And Lorde Antonius, shou
Thrice woman conquered man:
Shall not thy hart repine,
Their triumphs to adorne?
Octaviaes Vertues scorne,
That wanton life of thine:
And Cleopatra can,
Commaund thy ghost euern now.
And faire would I refraine,
From Fulviaes blately name:
Which dooth thy manhood slaine,
And makes thee blush for shame.
In this one thing, yet happy maist thou bee:
They Princeffes are, that triumph over thee.

Dwell in fames living breath,
To eternall resign'de,
The faire Mars-conquering wights:
And feare not Letches floud,
Your Vertues alwayes bud,
Your storie, boynour wights,
And Phoenix-like you finde,
A new life in your death.
Arme but your Angel-soules,
With perfect Vertues sheld,
That Thanatos controules,
And makes Erynnis yeilde,
Then shall the heauens your worke desyre:
Earth, sing your praise, and so will I.

Actus

The Tragicomedia
Actus secundus.

Ottus. Byllus.

O Thrice, and four times, happy messenger,
Hast thou from *Parthia* made returne of late ?
Canst thou declare the issue of the warre,
And make me knowe, *Antonus* happy state ?
What cauld my Lorde in *Syria* make such staye,
Since he gainst *Parthia* did his forces bende ?
When doth he meane, to ards *Roome* to take his waye ?
And to those warres, impose a finall end ?
Vnkinde he is : not so, but distant fare,
And his great trouble, much my good unpayres :
Els would he not mine eares so long time barre,
From much expected newes of his affayres.

B. L. Madame, these eyes haue seen what hath bin
In *Syria*, *Parthia*, and each other place ; (done
I present was, when Lord *Antonus*, wounne
Eightene great battles, in a little space.
I often sawe, when mischiefe, in the fieldes
Had all his force against my Lorde brought forth :
How he with valour, made euen fortune yeldes,
And chance, awaught on well approued worthe.
I was in *Media*, when *Phraortes* flue
Great *Tatianes*, fighting for my Lorde :
I sawe when he our engins from vs drew,

And

of the vertuous Octavia.

And put ten thousand *Romans*, to the sword.
I was in presence, when a sodaine feare,
In blackest horrour of the darkest night,
So much astonisht all that present were,
With shrikynge cries that mought euen stones affright :
That *Antony*, with feare of treason mooved,
Made *Ramnes* humbly sware vpon his knee,
To strike that head, that head so much beloued,
From of his shoulders, when he once should see,
Vnexitable danger, to lay holde,
Vpon himselfe ; yet could not all this, quale
His haughty courage, but as vncoutroulede,
He still proceedes, his stoutest foes t'assale.
And hauing now, tum'd with the *Parthian* blood,
The largest scores, of wrongs, we did sustaine,
Thence to retyre, he now hath thought it good :
And for a time at *Blanckbou'g* to remaine,
Blanckbou'g a Citty neere to *Sydon* plac'd,
Vnto the which our whole Campe did resorte,
There he entends to stay, and not in haste
To visite *Roome*, as most of them report.
O. L. O what shoulde moue my Lord thus long to stay ?
Byl. An others tung mought better y' bewray. (laid
Ott. What doest thou know more thē thou hast yet
Byl. Madame no more. *O. L.* Why thē am I dismaide ?
Why doe I see thy sorrow, clouded brow,
Seeme to conceale I know not what annoy ?
Say *Byllus* whence those troubled lookes may grow ?
Is my *Antonus* safe ? doth he enjoy
That

The Tragicomœdie

That body free from hurt, wound or disease?
Doth lie yet hue and draw his vital breath?
Speake, quickly speake, truth cannot me displease,
Where now soliption wounds as deepe as death.

Byl. It cannot be but that your grace doth know,
For what can be conceald from Princes eare?
And further speech mought feedes of discord sow,
Betweene your higheſt and my Lord i feare.

Ota. O how delay tormentes a doubtful minde.
I know, no, I eprocures I may not heare
Of any thing from thence, whereby I finde,
Although vñknowne yet double cause of feare.
Then banish doubz, and see thou plainly tell,
What ſtrange occation doth enforce his stay?
What can *Antonius* princely minde compell,
In ſorrows coaſtes to make ſo long delay?

Byl. Madame, the cauſe that made him to remaine
In *Syria*, ſo long time when as we went
To ſards *Parthia*, is the ſame that doth detaine,
His highneſſe now and thus your grace preuent.

Ota. Am I an Emprefſe ſtill thus diſobay'd?
And doſt thou dare to dally with me ſtill?
I firſt enquir'd, what him in *Syria* ſlaide.
Why doſt thou feare to tell the worſt of ill.

Byl. If this likewiſe be hidden from your grace,
In humble ſort a pardon I beſeech :
That high diſpleaſure againſt me take no place,
For what ſhall be diſclosed by my ſpeech.

Ota. I pardon all, ſo long as all be true.

Byl.

of the vertuous Otaio.

Byl. Who doth delude let ſharp death be his due,
Then if you lift the truth to vnderſtand,
The truth is this: that fond *Ægyptian* Queene,
Queene *Cleopatra* doth your will withstand,
And him detaines, who els had preſent been.

Cleopatra. By force? *Byl.* O no, world's could not him con-
To ſtay this long in any place by force : (ſtraine
But his affection is the louing chayne,
That from your highneſſe dooth haſt minde diuorce.

Ota. What chililing feare doth ſtreame along theſe
What frozen ten or makes me thus to quake? (vainſe
What monſtrous greefe, what horrore, thus conſtrains
My ſtivng hart, his lodging to forſake?
Tell me, from what conceit may this be geueſt?

Byl. They lie together, who knowes not the reſt.

Ota. I muſt beleeue it ſore againſt my will. *

Byl. Hardly we credit what im ports our ill.

Ota. But ſlow beleefe from wiſdom doth proceed.

Byl. But mortall wounds of preſent cure haue need.

Ota. Some fond report hath made thee fallyſly deeme.

Byl. I thunne report, and lightly iſteeme,

But this I ſaw e, when we to *Syria* came,

Antonius ſtraight to *Cleopatra* ſent,

A meſſenger *Fonteſus* was his name :

Whole liuiftnes did euen haſt it ſelte preuent.

More, then we knew not, but within ſhort ſpace

Came *Cleopatra* royally attended,

And met direcely at th'appointed place,

Which for their ſtay they had before pretended.

There

The Tragicomœdie

There did they spore a time in great excelle
Of all delights which any eye hath seene,
And there *Antonius* his great loue t'expresse
Did frankly giue to this Ægyptian queene,
Phoen. 10. Cyprus and Cylicia,
Part of *Arabia* where those people dwell
Cald *Nilaskeum*, part of *Syria* :
And finding that she could preuaile so well
With *Antony*, she further did proceed,
And begd part of that land we *terry* call,
From whence mought be transported at his neede,
True balme, foy to preferue his grace withall.
This done, my Lord, to'ards *Parrhis* tooke his way,
Which we with fier and sworde did waste and burne,
But in those confines did not long time stay,
But backe againe to *Blackbourge* we returme.
From whence, a poste was speedily address,
For to conduct this *Cleopatra* thither :
She kindly condiscends to his request,
Thus there they met, and there they liue together.

OEd. 1. O what hart-piercing greefe doth the torment,
That are thus countercheckt with riualles loue ?
What worlds of horror do themselues present,
Vnto their mindes that do like passions proue ?
O celouise, when truthe once takes thy part,
What mercy-wanting tyrant so seuer ?
What *Sylla*, what *Charibdis*, can impart
But halfe those horrors which i n thee appeare ?
Poor *Pluto*, why do we thy rigour dread ?

All

of the vertuous OEd. 2. iii. 1.

All torment are containide within my brest :
A'ello doth whole troupes of tunies leade
Within my soule, with endlesse greefe opprest.
O deserts, now you deserts are indeed :
Your common-wealths are coucht within my hart,
Within my hart, all rauening beasts do feede :
And with mad furie, still encrease my smart.
O greefe, I feele the worst that thou canst doe.
I taste the powerfull force of mischiefes pride.
I prove the worst that chance can put me to.
The deepest wound of fortune I abide.
But staye *OEd. 2. iii. 1.* if this be a lye :
If thy deare Lord do constant yet remaine,
Whom doost thou wrong, is it not *Antony* ?
O fault too great, recall it back againe.
Canst thou be so vnkinde, nay so vniust,
To censure, judge, condemne without a cause ?
Shall flying tales make thee so much mistrust,
Him bound to thee by Gods, and natures lawes ?
O traytor passion, if thou couldst subdue
Thy oueraigne reason, what ill tragedies
Wouldst thou soone acte, but Ielouise adieu,
My Lord is constant, and these are but lies.
Did not he swaere on that our nuptiall day,
By all the sacred rights we holy deeme,
By those immortal powers which we obaye,
By all things els which dearly we esteeme.
By his right hand, by this our wedding ring,
By all that mought a perfect truthe entend :

One

The Tragicoœdie

One time, one day, one hour, should surely bring,
His life, and loue vnto a finall end.
Did not he say the starres from heauen should fall,
The fishes shold vpon the mountaines range,
And *Tyber* shold his flowing streames recall :
Beore his loue shold ever thinke on change.
But what of this ? these are but onely words,
And so are thote which do his faith impeache.
O poore *Ottavia*, how thy state affordes,
Nought but despaire to stand within thy reache.
The feare of truthe is in our secret harts,
Not in the tongue, which falsehood oft imparts.
Hast back then *Tyber* to thy fountaines head,
Descend ye starres, and this base earth adorne,
Let *Neptunes* people on these billes be sed,
For *Antony* is fled, false, and forsworne.
But tis not so, my *Antony* is true :
His honor will not let him basely fall.
Ottavia name will faithfull loue renew :
His innate vertue will his minde recall.
As feare of torment houlds the wicked in :
So vertues loue makes good men loath their sinne.
By, Madam, I cannot force you to beleue
That which I speake, but that I speake is true,
I knew too well it wold your highnesse greeue,
And wold be lothe your sorrowes to renew ;
But wold to God that all my words were lies,
So my disgrace meught worke your sweete content ;
Would this my soule meught be the sacrifice,

To

of the vertuous Octavia.

To reconcile his loue thus fondly bent,
O vertue, thou that didst my good allie,
Aime now my soule againly proude fortunes might :
Without thy succour I may not endure,
But this strong tempeſt will destroy me quite.
O sacred lampe, pure vertues living flame,
That neuer failes sweete comfort to impart :
I feele thy power and glory in the same,
I heare thee say in cloſet o' my heart,
Ottavia, loue and shew thy ſelfe a Queene.
Tread thou my path, make constancy thy guide,
Let no base feare within thy minde be ſcene,
Let thine owne foote into no error ſlade ;
Make thine owne thoughts no witnes of thy miſſe ;
Let thine owne conſcience know no cauſe of blame ;
A bulwarke ſtronge a brazen wall this is,
That will reſiſt both ſorrow, grieue and ſhamme.
Antonius fall, his owne dilgrace procures,
His is the fault, and on his head ſhall fall,
The ſorme of miſchieſes deep-reuenging ſhower :
When thine owne worth, in heauen ſhal thee enſtall,
His is the fault, but what mine is the wronge.
The errour his, but I endure the ſmart ;
O vertue, if thou be ſo paſſing ſtronge,
Yet once againe remoue this from my heart.
Why, vertue grieues but at his owne dilgrace,
And mindes diuert, with patience doth relieue :
With wiſedomes light it ſhl direete his pace,
And cannot fail and therefore cannot greeue.

C

Well

The Tragicomedia

Wch grieve, I feele that thou art grieve indeed,
But patience is a prince and must not yeld:
O facerd vertuo help me at my need;
Repose my foes with thy all mastering shield.
But what, I mu^t not heere stand and lament,
Thy deeds O *Luis*, mu^t approoue thy worth:
It is wisedome, mu^t these injuries preuent,
I will no more excuse thy wrongs henceforth.
He feele by all meanes thee to reconcile,
And in my thoughts reaenge shall finde no place,
But if thou needes wilt worke a thing so vile,
To lecke my quine and thine owne disgrace,
It nothing can preuaile, he make it scene,
Then wrongst an Empresse, and a *Romassine* queene.

Iul. Camill. Sylus.

O deare *Camilla*, what a wofull sight,
Tis to beholde the Empresse dolefull state?
Though others burthenes in our ey^s seeme highe,
Death in my heart, her grieve doth inuade.
O what exceeding pity tis to see,
Such noble vertues nurst in wisedomes brest:
Snar'd in the trap of humaine infamy,
By others basenes thus to be distrest.

Cam. Madame, the case is pittifull indeed,
And such as may relent a flinty heart:
A patient minde, mu^t stand her grace instead,
Till time and wisedome, may his loue conuert.

Iul. But who dares tell a Prince he goes aside?

Cam.

of the vertuous Octavia.

Cam. His conscience best, if wisedome were his guide,
Iul. But they are great and may do what they will.
Cam. Great if much good: not great if they do ill.
Iul. But we must yeld to what the Prince will haue.
Cam. He is no Prince, that is affections slave.
Iul. Be what he will his power is ouer-stronge.
Cam. Heauens will not suffer sin to florish long.
And sure who list but to beholde the end,
Shall see *Antonius* dearely buy his lust:
They never prosper long that leawdly spend
Their granted time, for God is not vnjust.
Syl. Well, let them talke of vertue, thole that list,
Of patience, iustice and of constancie;
For me, I thinke the Empresse sure hath mist,
The onely way to cure this maladie.
Buy liuing fame that list, with pinching paine,
And status themselues with feeding fond conceit:
Were I *Octans*, I would entertaine
His double dealing, with as faire a sleight.
I would nor weep, nor waile, but soone retorne
Vpon his head the wrongs he doth pretend:
I would compell him spite of him to leare,
It were no iest a woman to offend.
He feelest not now the grieve that makes her smart:
But I know what would touch him to the heart.
Iul. What force, what wit, can *Antony* compell,
Now to forgoe his late ill-placed loue?
Syl. One nayle you see another will expell,
When nothing els can force the same to moue.

C ii.

Should

The Tragicomœdie

Should he that swims in streames of sweet content,
Make his delight the agent of my paine?
No, no, he rather were a presidant,
How to require him with the like againe.
Had I bin toucht with scence of inward greefe,
When such like chances had be fallen me,
Or at their leisure hoped for rebete,
When I my selfe mought best my selfe set free:
I had bin dead for many yeares agoe,
Or must haue liued in end'lesse milery,
But I take order not to perish so,
He shall care little that cares lesse then I
Cass. But dorth not *Sylvia* blush to disanull,
Hir swyne good name,hir faith, and constancie:
Doth not the feare, the wrath of heauen to pull
Vpon her head for such impietie? (just,
soft.) The wrath of heauen, why no, the heavens are
And Iustice yeldes a man his due desert:
Then sith I d' no iniurie, I trust
Nor i but he, for both our faults shall smart.
And for my faithe and constancie, no doube
He deale for that as well as others shall:
But is most strange to see you go about,
To praise the thing that workes all women's fall.
Why constancie is that which marreth all.
A weake concept which cannot wrongs resist,
A cha ne it is which bindes our selues in thrall,
And gives men scope to vs vs as they list,
For when they know that you will constant bide,

Small

of the vertuous Octavia.

Small is their care, how often they do flise.
O If you would but marke the little mappe
Of my poore world, how in times twyt careere
I manage fortune, and with wit entrap
A thousand such as shold there courtes deare;
Then would you say you want the arte of loue,
For I feare noth'ng leile then such relaps,
The frowardnesse whiche I in men approoue,
Most troubles me for feare of after claps.
And Lord, you cannot gouerne one alone,
When I haue many subiect to my beck:
I alwayes pleasant, you still making mone,
You full of teare, they dread my frowning check.
Nor do I maruaile, for this vnion breedes
A loathing sure, by nature vnto things
And constancie the minde with quiet feedes,
And settled quiet soone corruption brings.
Thus first we loathe, and then we straight waies hate,
When to one obie & we entend our minde:
But I with choice do still renew the state,
Of fainting loue, and still new pleasures finde.
Looke how a Bee amongst the verdant fields,
From diuers flowers extracts the pleasant thyme,
Which well compounded, one sweet matter yelds:
So do I spend my pleasure-tasting time.
I seeke not graines of gold in battraine ground,
Nor hope for fruite, when haruest is once past:
I like not where affection is not found,
If any fall, I flye from him as fast.

C 8

And

The Tragicomedia

And surely who will taste the sweet of loue,
Must not be tyed vnto one poore conceipt:
One cannot worke or halfe his practise prooue,
Vpon one minde which will be dulled straight.
But there must be an emulation plac'd,
Mongt fauourites as spur of swift desire:
By letting one still see another grac'd,
As though the on's deserts did so require.
Two at a time I seldome entertaine,
Nor one alone, but alwaies if I might,
Whiles any one to court me I detaine,
Some other of the crew should be in signe:
Who mought behold, how frankly I bestow,
Both smiles, and fauours, where it pleased me,
They thinking this from his deserts to grow,
Will striue for to deserue as well as he.
Thus I abound with store of proffered loue,
With vowed faith, with presents and what not:
When in the end one fortune all must prooue,
And all these fauours must be cleare forgot.

C. m. But will not all thy seruants these forsake,
To see a ryuall such high fauour gaine?
Syl. If any iealous foole a suteite take,
Then thus with arte I bring him on amaine.
Some extraordinary fauour talles
On him vntwares, which may new fire his minde:
Or els some truly agent him recalles,
In secret manner thereunto assign'd;
Who tells him (as of friendship) I admire

His

of the vertuous Octavia.

His discontent, and my vnkindnesse blame;
How I doe oftentimes of him enquire,
And still a sigh awaites vpon his name.
This way I seldon faile, till at the last,
In follies lap affection hath him lull'd.
From whence with frech desire he flyes as fast,
As if (poore foole) his wings had neare been pull'd.

Iul. But sith thy minde can never be so free,
But that affection will on thee lay hold:
That being partiall, me thinkes should be
A cause, that others loue would soone waxe cold.

Syl. Affection, no, I know not such a thought,
That were a way to make my selfe a flauie:
I hate subiection and will neare be brought,
What now I give, at others hands to craue.

Oct. But yet I know some one aboue the rest
Is most belou'd, but that you list to iest.

Syl. I loue one most? I fauour, loue, and grace,
Most every one, whiles he in presence is:
But being gone, looke who comes next in place,
He's next my heart, my course is alwaies this.
And if that any chance to fall away,
Shall losse of him thus vexe me at the heart?
No griefe, I never meane to be thy pray,
My care and he together shall depart.

Cams. Of straying, falling, and I wot not what,
So many words hath *Sylusa* spent in vaine:
That time, and truth, and purpose are forgot,
To *Antony* let vs returne againe.

We

The Tragicomædie

We speake not of thy sutors, we complaine
Of his vnruth, that second vnto none,
In faithleines : of duety shoulde remaine,
For euer constaunt vnto one alone.
Of his vnrush, who hath his honor stain'd,
By base defiling of his mariage bed :
Who being vowed, and by oath detain'd,
Is falteror sworne, seduc'd and fondly fled.
87 Why all is one, no wedlocke can compell,
N : law, no feare, no reason can constraine
Our mindes, whiles we in natures castels dwell,
The pleasing course of nature to retraine.
Nature it selfe doeth most delight in change,
The heauens, by motion do their musick make :
Their ligts by diuers waies and courses raunge,
And some of them new formes doe alwaies take.
Their working power is neu'er alwaies one,
And tyme it selfe least, constant is of all :
This earth we see and all that lives thereon,
Without new change, into destruction fall.
Nay what is more, the life of all these things,
Their essence, and perfection, doth consist
In this same change, which to a'l creatures brings
That pleasure, which in life may not be mist.
Sith then all creatures are so highly blest,
To taste the sweet of life in often change:
If we which are the princes of the rest,
Should want the same, me thinks t' were very strange.
For proose heerof, I need not to vnsold:

Such

of the vertuous Octavia.

Such farre fetcht secrets, scence will make it plaine.
What pleasure hath the eye, when you beholde
One onely object : is't not rather paine?
What sweet delight doth charme the listning eare,
When onely one tyme is doth apprehend ?
In taste and smell, like loathing, doth appeare,
Whose euidence, no witt can reprehend.
Since nature then hath framed for the eye,
Such sundrie coulors to delight the same ;
And for the eare such strange variety,
Of sweetest tunes, which doe our musick frame ;
Such diuers meates, to please the dainty taste,
So many sauours to delight that sence ;
Each other part, with diuers pleasures grac'd,
Least want of change mought haply breed offence.
What, shall the heart the master of the rest,
Be more restrain'd then any sauage beast?
Shall not the heart, on whom all those depend,
Haue greater scope then any of them all,
To taste the pleasure of each pleasing friend?
Faith mine hath had, and so it euer shall.
C 1m. Peace wicked woman, nay soule monster peace
Whose very steps defile the guilesse earth:
Staine of thy sexe, thy poisoned speech surcease,
That hath from sinne, and wickednes, his birth.
Is't not too much to glory in thy sinne.
Leawd creature, that hast ouer-ha'd all shame ?
Imbouldning others to persist therein,
When thou thy selfe shouldest shun and fly the same;

But

The Tragicomœdie

But thou must make the heauens a president,
For thy misdeedes, which on thy head will power,
Eternall vengeance, vntesse thou repente,
And stay the force of mischieves dreadfull shover.
These inuowing thinges are constant in their kinde
Vnto the end for which they were ordain'd:
Now muttable like thy vngodly minde,
Whose very thoughts with wickednes are stain'd.
Our scences their peculiar obiects haue,
Whole storie, and number, doth vnto vs shew,
How reverently we shoulde our selues behaue,
To'ards him whose bountie did the same bestow.
O Chatlay bright vertues faceted flame,
Be never woman louely wanting thee.
Be never woman wrong'd adorn'd with thee,
Be all di'grac'd that ment not thy name.
Come hither, we haue taried heere too long.
Syria adiew in faith I wish thee well,
No honest minde I thinke will doe thee wrong,
Tis punishment enough to hang in hell.

Chorus.

G Best guide of this same golden flame,
Which dures and times deuideth:
Whose beauty ever is the same,
And alwaies one abider.
Why haſt thou ſuch a monſter made,
Which alwaies thus rebelleth:

And

of the vertuous Octavia.

*And with new tormentes doth imude,
The heart wherein it dwelleth.
Affection is the ſavage beaſt,
Which alwaies doth annoyeth:
And never leſt doth lie in reſt,
But ſtill our good deſtroyerh.*

*Affection's power who can ſuppreſſe
And maſter when it ſinneth.
Of worthy praife deſerves no leſſe,
Then he that kingdomes winneth.
Were Antony a Prince indeede,
That base affection ſcorneſt:
Him to bemone we ſhould not need,
With ſituation life deſormed.
But this ſeduſing Vertues foe,
In whom all pleaſure ſhineſt:
Doth all our ſcences ouerthrow,
and reaſon ouermineth.*

*Who diſh not ioy, when from his necke
The yoke of bondage ſlideth.
And wiſh to liue without the cheeke,
Of him that others guideth?
Yet what more hard, then to obſerue,
In ſuch licentious pleaſure:
The golden meane, which doth not ſtrayre,
From ſacred Vertues meaſure:
Who know, and ſee, the way of ſinne*

Reſer

The Tragicomedia

Be fit with divers misery:
Terrible perill and woe therein,
As negligent as any.

The min'e with deepest wised me struggh:
That mischiefe boundeth weareh:
And enuie cras: doth bring to naughts,
Affectione subdueeth.
The haughty heart with courage boldh:
That death pale face despach:
The Prince which feernes to be controll'd:
Affectione wouer surprizeth.
Ane hauing made it selfe a bane,
Our minde with earew fearedeh:
Tid we our selues effect the thug,
Whiche cur a, I milson bredeh.

The path of errore, is so g'ad'd,
With sweete & seeming pleasure:
As if delight had thron, place'd,
The eare house of her treasures.
But who to knowe the same are best,
In sinfull mize entred:
In vaine at last wil'ure reverent,
With me'ull and deuided.
Wh're vertues little beaten waves,
With diuers troubles cumbered:
Duet our sie vnto true yes,
Amongst the Angels numbred.

Adus

of the vertuous Ottania.

Aclustertius.

Ottania. Casar.

O feare desce, the spring of sighes and teates,
Accid' with want, impaciently with store,
Nuris with same h'pes, and fed with doubtful feates,
Whise force withstood, encraveth more and more.
How doth thy pride thus torture my po're heart,
Wades I for bothe shadewe entayne:
And in the ha'ell of molt high desery,
Do reap no fruite, but scorne and deep disdain.
No feare Hyrcan in forrest doth possesse,
So wilke a Tyger, nor no Libian croate,
Hath euer knowne a greedy Lyoneise,
Rob'd of the pray which she affected most,
So beyond measure full of furio as ire,
As is the minde rob'd of his chiefe desire.
O deit men that draw the golden twine,
Whiche sh' conduct the never-tyred poste,
Why haue you le vndos'd these eyes of mine,
To see the field of all mine honor lost?
In vaine I sought a whyle, to cure the wound
With balme of hope, drawne from a constant minde,
But now the truth is manyfely found:
I heare, I see, I know, I feele, I finde,
The shamefull wronge, the scorne and high disdaine
Which

The Tragicomœdie

Which fa.thesle he most falsly dooth pretena,
To power on me whiles from dispaire in vaine,
With constant hope, my weaknesse I defend,
O torment, worse then deaths most bitter gall:
Worse then is found in that infernal place;
To see another glory in my fall;
To see another proud with my disgrace.
Why doost thou stay, distrest *Otaua* dye.
Dead to all ioyes let death thy torment end,
Who gaue thee life, the same doth now deny:
And to another his affection bend.
Another dooth thy interest enjoy:
And yet thou liuest, and yet thou doost delay,
To calme with death the tempest of annoye.
When to disgrace thy life dooth thee betray.
Dye dead *Otaua*. What? and basely dye?
Shall I sit downe and yeeld my selfe to shame?
Shall I content my selfe with wronges? not I,
Reuenge *Otaua*, or thou art too blame.
Dye never vnteueng'd of such a wrong,
My power is such that I may well preuaile.
And rather then I will endure it long,
With fier and sword I will you both affaile.
My nature doth abhore to be thus vled,
My heart doth scorne such monstrous iniurie:
My birth, my state, disdaine to be abused,
And I will deeply score thy periurie.
Then greefe giue place a whie vnto disdaine,
Myldc pittie, make thee wings and flye away!

And

*of the vertuous *Otaua*.*

And death, withdraw thy hastic hand againe,
Whiles with aduantage I their debts repay.
How now *Otaua*, whither wilt thou flye?
Not what thou maist, but do thou what is iust:
Shall these same hands attempt impieties?
I may, I can, I will, I ought, I must,
Reuenge this high disgrace, this *Cesar* will,
Byrthe, nature, reason, all require the same.
Yet vertue will not haue me to do ill.
Yeeld, all things yeeld, to vertues sacred name.
How then? euen thus, with patience make thee strong,
The heauens are just, let them reuenge thy wrong.
Cruell to me, selfe-wronging *Antony*,
Thy follie shall not make *Otaua* sinne:
Ile be as true in vertuous constancie,
As thou art false and infamous tbertein.
Ile be as famous for a vertuous wife,
As thou notorious for so leawd a life.
Cesar, As is a sweet pearle-dropping siluer showre,
Which some milde cloud down from the shadie skites
Vpon the parched flowrie fields dooth power:
Such is *Otaua*nes sight to *Cesar* eyes.
Hath *Iason* traualle gaignd the goulden fleece,
Or hath *Otaua* faild of hir entent?
Is *Antony* within the bounds of *Greece*,
Or dooth he stay at *Blanckbourg* malecontent?
O.T. O *Cesar*, how my now distracted minde
Vnites it selfe to render worthy thanks:
But woe is me, no way, no meanes I finde,

No

The Tragicomœdie

No hope to hide *Anthonius* lustful prankes,
I him besought, by all that words might say,
By this same ring that knit the *Coridian* knot:
By all the rightis past on our wedding day,
But all in vaine, for all is now forgot.
Looke how some proude hard harted mighty rocke,
Which makes the sea a mirrour for his face,
Repell's the waters with a churlish stroake,
Which mildely striue his body to imbrace:
So his indurate minde reiects my words,
And rudely makes me and my hopes forlorne,
His flinty heart naught but repulfe affords,
And my deserts returne me naught but scorne.
Ces.: Were not *Ottavus* precious in my sight,
Whose will withstood what I did most desire
The bloody lynes had not been now to wrighte,
Of such reuenge as his leawd deeds require.
But wor'hy branch of braue *Ottavus* lyne,
In *Cesars* thoughts lue and predominate:
Yours is my kingdome and what els is mine,
My selfe, my scepter and my royal stafe.
Then sith i euer graunted your request,
And let you prooue al meanes his loue to winne:
Since you and we in vaine haue done our best,
To stay his foote out of the sincke of siane;
Now for my sake, if I may ought preuaile,
For dead *Ottavus* never staineid worth:
For deare *an harises* loue and your aua le,
Excute no more his faithlesnesse henceforth,

Yecld

*of the vertuous *Ottavia*.*

Yecld but to this liue heere and banish care,
Forget his name that traytor-like is fled:
Lieue like a Queene, remember who you are,
And let me rouse him from his Leamane bed.
I leue you this house of his, and what is his
Stand of y'ur selfe since he entends yur fall:
Dishonor not yur name with others milse,
If loue canþt recall him ter'or shal.
O. T. Di honor not my name! O *Ces.:* no,
My malicie is not of th'it d' gree:
Wrought by my follie or for'd by my fee,
Which mought attribute that disgrace to me.
Tis paine, and gresse, to beate and 'ufer wrongs,
But shame and shame to him that dooth the same:
True patience can vailly suffer long,
Where rage and furie do our huses desame.
Tis fortitude which scornes the force of wrong,
And temperance not to be mou'd withal:
Tis constancie makes vs continue strong,
And wildom's werk to free our selues from thrall.
But I am wrong'd you say, and tis base teare:
Without reuenge to surfer iniurie:
It cowardize vnuworthy wrongs to beare,
And madnesse to give way to trecherie,
Well then, reuenge, but what? *O. Ottavia*es wrong,
Of whom? of *A. scorsy*. And who is he?
Ah my deere Lord, that will returne ere long,
And hate his fall, and be most true to me.
If not, ile then reuenge, but how? with death?

D

He

The Tragiconoclaste

He is my selfe, his greefe procures my paine.
With spoile and losse ? O no that were not good,
By certaine losse to hope for doubtful gaine.
How then ? be falfe as he is most vntreue,
One wound doth not an others balme procure.
Flame is not quenched with flame, but both reue,
A double force not easie to endure.
Whence springs reuenge? from malice and disdaine?
Then speake not of it, for it is in vaine.
Earth open first thise vndeuided lawes,
And swallow me in thine infernall wombes.
Eare willingly I swarue from vertues lawes,
Truthe my loues childbed was, truthe be his tombe.
Ces. Were *Antony* as loyall in his loue,
As he is false, forsworne, and fondly bent:
Then would I thinke it reason to approue,
And highly praise your vertuous entent,
But sith he willingly doth you forsake,
And wilfully perfisstes to do vs wrong:
High honor dooth require our fivards to take,
Most iust reuenge, which we may not prolong.
Oth. His falsehood dooth not malice raise in me,
But rather shewes how fraile mans nature is:
An argument which bids me carefull be,
Least I my selfe should likewise do amisse.
Ces. Can my perwassions then no whit preuaile?
Can my request no thought of yeelding finde?
Can you esteeme of him whose truth dooth faile?
There are few women of *Ottawas* minde.

Ott.

of the vertuous Ottawas.

Ott. Too few I grant, and therefore am I such,
And though alone, yet will perseuer still:
We imitate the multitude too much,
Most do, as do the most, and most do ill.
The number of the vertuous is so small,
That few delight to tread that loandy way:
But wisdomes heires are tealous of their fall,
And thinke it shamefull all should goe astray.
A vertuous act seemes strange in some mens sight,
Because they seldom saw the like before,
But noble mindes are carefull of the right,
And others errors make them feare the more.
How sencelesly we sleepe in follies bedde,
How few there are indeed, how all would seeme
Wise, honest, iust, how fondly are we led,
To vse that least which we do most esteeme?
These ought a prince to feare much more then any:
Least his fault be a president to many.

Ces. And is it vertue then to be misused?
Ott. To giue no cause why we should be abused.
Ces. Do but consent, Ile aet and beare the blame.
Ott. To giue consent to sinne, is sinne & shame.
Ces. And is it sinne to punish leawdnesse then?
Ott. Sinne to exulte vpon repentant men.
Ces. But he persists in hatefull trecherie.
Ott. True loue may spring from pardoned iniurie.
Ces. How may they loue, who worlds of distance part?
Ott. He is not far that lodg'd within the heart,
Ces. But time, and absence, will consume all loue.

D 2

Ott.

The Tragicomædie

Oth. Soner the hart, which doth those passions proue.
Ces. Not so, no mortall darte neare loue is found.
Oth. But we are mortall which endure the wound.
Ces. Yet leaue this houfe, if not his loue deny.
Oth. First let this soule out of his lodging flye.
Ces. Can nature then no priuiledge obtaine?
Are his deferts in such abundant store?
Must all I do be fruitless and in vaine?
Antony. be your guide, I say no more.
Oth. If that my words so much offend your minde,
O silent death, thou my best refuge art:
O breake my heart, for *Ces*ar is vnkinde,
In silent greefe, O breake my wounded heart.
Ces. What in a traunce? O sister, sister deare,
Light of my life, deare modelt of my soule:
Hurt not your selfe, O banish needlesse feare,
Woe, woe, to me, that did you thus controule:
O deare *Antony*, I spake but to proue;
How sarte your thoughts were bent with ialousie;
To see if malice had exilde your loue,
To finde how you esteemeid of *Antony*.
Oth. O *Ces*ar more belou'd then these same eyes,
More then the light which glads my tired life:
Do not my truly louing minde despise,
Kill not my heart with this your factious strife.
Alasse tis not his house that I respect,
His wealth, or trypartite high regiment:
I would the worlds great treasurie neglect,
Rather then hazard *Ces*ars discontent.

Tis

of the vertuous Octavia.

Tis not affection that enchaines my minde,
Or partiall loue that makes my faith so strong:
Too well alasse my selfe abusid I finde,
And this my hart too sensible of wrong.
And what is worse, this wrong is full of scorne,
As mought incense the middest minde alue:
To see my Lord a graceless Queene suborne,
And my dishonour carelesly contiue.
Nay worse then that, if worse then that may be,
No creature euer felt the like disgrace:
Each wronged wight may hope for remedie,
My shamed storie nothing may deface.
For if my Lord would cure this wound againe,
Yet woe is me, the scarre will still remaine.
In these respects, perhaps I could be brought,
To strike reuenge as deepe as any could:
I want no meanes whereby it mought be wrought,
For many thousands wish it if I would.
And what is more, my selfe can scarcely let:
But *Ces*ars sworde for me would pay the debt.
But when I finde in closet of my heart,
How I haue paun'd my faith to *Antony*,
How I haue vow'd that nought but death should
From him my loue, and my fidelitie. (part
When that I see the vulgar peoples eyes,
Make my designtes the patterne of their deeds:
How with my thoughts they flame so sympathize,
And how my smile their certaine error breedes.
When that I finde how my departure were,

D 3

The

The Tragicomœdie

The opening of a gate to ciuill warres :
Then *Atlas*-like I am constrain'd to beare,
A hated hell though not the happy starres.
Ile rather dye, then witnesse with these eyes,
In mortall wounds and bloudie lines enrowled,
The argument of my calamites,
Whom proud mischance, vniustly thus controwled.
Shall never two such noble Emperours,
Their dearest liues aduenture for my sake
Shall never for my sake such mighty powers,
The doubtfull chaunce of battle vndertake,
Shall never tongue recount *Ottawas* errour,
An instance of his faithlesse periurie
Ile rather dye the worlds vnpotted myrrour,
And with my saith surmount his iniurie.
Ces. Well sister, then I see that constancie
Is sometimes seated in a womans brest :
Your strange desigues euen from your infancie,
Can never without wonder be exprest.
Ott. I know not what you thinke of woman kinde,
That they are faithlesse and vncostant euer :
For me, I thinke all women strive to finde
The perfect good, and therein to perseeue.
Euen as a Torche, or Sulphure powdered light,
Whiles any nourishment maintaines his flame,
Fayles not to burne, and burning shineth bright,
Till arte obscure, or force put out the same :
Such is the minde in womans brest contained,
With the **true** zeale of vertues loue enflam'd,

Wc

of the vertuous Octavia.

We may be dead, but liuing neuer stained,
We may be wrongd, but neuer rightly blam'd.

Ces. Wel, for your selfe proceed as you thinke best:
Time and the heauens, must see these wrongs redrest.

Cesar. Tirus. Plancus.

Great peers that strive with wisdoms sacred fame,
To ouer-liue all humaine memory:
Shew me, for what entent you hither came,
What causde you to reuolt from *Antony* ?

Tus. By our accessse we nothing else entend,
But humbly to beseech your maestic :
Vnder your gracious fauour to defend,
Our wronged selues from hatefull iniurie.
Proud *Cleopatra*, Egypsts craftie Queene,
Rules *Antony*, and wrongs she cares not where :
So insolent his late attempts haue been,
As no pride-scoring Romaine heart can beare.
She is become our Queene and gouernour,
And we whose courage feares the force of no man :
By seruile basenesse of our Emperour,
Must be content to stoope vnto a woman.

Ces. What Angel Queen rules those *Ny'ean* coasts,
Whose beautie can so ouer-rule mens mindes :
What goddesse can command the man that boasts
To equall *Invicta*, in his high desigues.

Planc. If in those gulfes, by nature we enioy,
Vnto *Octaviaes* sacred maestic,
Shee be but comparable any way.

D 4

Be

The Tragiconœdie

Be never *Rom:izes* so disgrac'd as we,
But for her artificall ornaments,
For pompe, for pride, for superfluitie,
For all excesse that folly representes:
She doth exceed the height of vanitie.
Hir flanne burnt beaute cannot please his sight,
That hath a minke with any ea on frangis:
But is hir *Syren* tongue that dooth delight,
Hir erthe *Clype* wth which hath him caught.
At when from *Arceus*, *N. ger* made retorne,
And did relate the Imperellis entent,
Whiche hit of purpose had in charge to leare:
And hit his princely guylts to him present.
An I farrer did with truth discouering wordes,
Oratoris well deuined praktes framme:
An argument whiche to that Queene assorbs,
A furious blast to rase a Jealous flame.
Then hit the nothing vntempted leue,
That art moult fraue, or wth mou, hit will deuize
Whiche moultis his munde, of reason quite bereauie:
And thus the straught began to streyne.
She pine hit body wth the want of food,
That she mought seeme to languish for his sake:
And by hit gettis wth be vnderood,
How from his absence she hit death shold take.
Hir depe lamenting lockes fixt in his face,
In silent fermes present an earnest fire:
As who shold say, O gray my hard case,
Whom violence of passion maketh a muite.

Then

of the vertuous O: Tari:.

Then wold she stand of purpose in his way,
In any place where he shold passage make:
And there as though vnwilling to bewray,
What bitter griefe the inwardly did take:
Downe from her eyes distil a Christall tyde,
Whiche at his comming she wold dry againe,
And so daintly wold turne her head a lice,
As though vnwilling to reueale her paine.
Thus in his presence rauished with joy,
She smiles, and shewes what mirth she can deuize:
But in his absence drowned wth annoy,
She seemes to take her life from thone his eyes.
Then Merremaid-like his scences she invades,
With sweetest nectar of a sugred tongue,
Unto her will she euer him perswades,
The force of her wordis wth-craft is so strong.
Then came the keneil of her flattering crew,
Who largly paint the flory of her death,
I the feede Attorneys they her sute tenis,
And hant *Antennas* spirits out of breash.
Wherewith assayld, he like a man each wnted,
To make her know the need not to misdoubt him:
Or like to one wth some mad fury haunted,
Affembeth all the people round about him.
In that *Sayre* Citty royalliz'd by tame,
By that great *Mare* *Antennas* mo rarke builded:
Of who n it tooke beginning, birth and name,
Where on a high *Tribunus* teate which yelded,
A large prospect, were plac'd two chayres of golde;

One

The Tragicomœdie

One for himselfe, another for her grace,
And humbler seates which mought her childrē hold,
Of such like metall, in the selfe same place.
There he establisht *Cleopatra, Queene*
Of Egypt, Cyprus, and of Lidia:
And that his bounti mought the more beseene,
He ioynd thereto the lower *Syria*.
Casar or, heyre apparent to her grace
Was constituted King of those same lands.
His owne two sonnes by her were there in place,
Attended with great troopes of martiall bands.
These two, the mighty Kings of Kings he called,
And to the eldest gaue *Armenia*,
The country *Media*, and forthwith entallad
Him regent of the Kingdome *Parthia*.
To *Ptolemy* he gaue *Phœnicia*,
And all the territoryes there adioyning;
The uppere *Syria*, and *Cilicia*,
Vnto them both peculiare guards assyning.
A *Median* gowne the elder of them ware,
And all th' *Armenian* souldiers so instructed:
Accomplishing the charge they had before,
About him came and thence they him conducted.
In *Macedonian* robes the other stands,
In distance from his brother little space:
About him came the *Macedonian* bands,
And guarded safe his person from the place.
These things proclaim'd, the trumpets lowdest voice,
Vnto all peoples eares forthwith imparted,

Whereat

of the vertuous Octavia.

Whereat some frowne, some murmure, some reioyce,
Whiles he, with his immortall queene departed.

Cas. Immortall? why you said she was not such.

Pla. Not she, but her attyre did claime thus much.

Ca. Was her attyre so admirable then?

Pla. Scorning the basenes of vs mortall men.

Clad like the Goddess *Isis* she did goe:

Then what hard heart wold not haue thought her so

Cas. When that *Appolloodus* on his backe,

A flockbed did to *Julius Casar* bring:

With thonges of leather trust vp like a sacke;

As though there had been need of such a thing,

Where was the Goddesse when this came to passe?

Pla. Shee, noble she, was ryding on her Asie.

Cas. When *Antony* about the streeres doth runne,

Listening at each mans window in the night:

To heare what in the house is said or done,

And with straunge noyces passengers affright.

Where is this Goddesse then so highly blest?

Pla. She ambles after to laugh at the iest.

Ca. And shal our state maintaine their hateful pride?

Shall bleeding *Roome* procure their wanton peace?

Tis time we stould a remedy prouide,

And their ambition speedily supprese.

Chorus.

The Tragicomedia

Chorus.

VHat gilded bastes of sinne,
Doe still procure our misse:
And secke our soules to waine,
From theyre intended buffer,
Even natures selfe doth draw,
And force vs still to shae:
And violiate the law,
Whiche resoun makes our guide.
Of pleasures we alone,
Whiche doe our thraldom bring:
When baseling vertue now,
Is scarcely iudg'd a shing;
The one a poore concept, the other proou'd a King.

If that is be so sweete,
To ried the path of sinne:
And so exceeding meete,
We shold not walke therin;
On nature most behynde,
That prooues weak reasons foe:
O reason thou blind,
That crost thy nature so.
Three mal-seducing foes,
Conduct saue errours trame:
Myleading most of those,

Which

of the verious Ottavia.

Whiche vertues praise would gaine.
Whose force unlesse we foyle, we labour all in vaine.

Th' examples of the most,
Whiche most doe take least care,
To anchore on the coaste,
Whare sacred vertues are.
Sweete Syrenyng tonges,
In flattery most expert:
Whose ill persuading songes,
Our scences doe peruer.
And mens iniurious deeds,
Doe curse vs to digresse:
Our errour fury breeds,
When wronges our mindes oppresse. (distresse.
These treason working mates, still workg our great

Ex ample make vs bolde,
To tread the doubtfull way,
Whiche we before were tolde,
Would lead vs quite astray.
Persuasions kindly moue,
And winnes to doe ill:
Whose poison when we prooue,
We poysoned, loue it still,
But iniury more strong,
Doth fiercely vs incite:
By suffring to doe wronge,
Forgerfull of the right,

All

The Tragicomœdie

All these thrice Vertuous Queene, affaile thee with
(their might.)
Who can eile deedes despise,
And flattering tongres neciect:
It ish malice temporise,
As misdeuine dore drest.
Giu him the Lawrell crowne,
Triumphant victors weare:
The tytles of renowne,
Which Vertues monarkes beare.
And thow most glorsonus queene,
These traytorfoes repell:
That vertue may be seene,
In that your sexe to dwell.
And brancke Eunus thy worth wher he most basely fel.

Aetus quartus.

Ottavia. Mecænas. Agrippa. Cesar.

You haughty Lords, that bury death, and fate,
In living monuments of lothy fame:
Whose worthy praise doth claine the boundles
wherewith eternity doth blaze her name. (date,
Ganish whom rite y u thet forces in such haste?
Ganish whom lead you this danger thre, atring power?
Deth hatefull L. Cæsar, wher your confins waster?

Or

of the vertuous Octavia.

Or Brennus sword your liues seeke to deuoure:
No no my Lords, thus your concea'l'd deligne,
Resounding Echoes of most strange debate:
With tragike tydinges fill'd these ears of mine,
That powr'd on me the storne of all your hate.
Neuer since princelie hande of *Syntias* sonne,
Lade the foundations of these stately towers:
Did sharpe mischaunce so muche eclyps the sunne,
Of our good fortune, with such fataill lowers.
But if that wisedome euer found a place,
Within your soules, which beautifys your praise:
Now shew the same, and saue from high disgrace,
Our bleeding honor, and death breathing joyes.
You know how bloud maintaines the life of warres,
As doubtfull as deare bought the victory:
Mans destiny is chain'd by vnyknowne sturres,
To happy ioyes or mournfull misery.
If you triumph, you conquer not your foes,
But neighbour, kintfolkes and your dearell friendes:
Whose wounds bleed shame, and deep hart-peircing
Instead of conquest this is your amendes. (woes,
But if my Lord obtaine the lawrell wreath,
And fortune smile on him with like successe:
What fatal tempests, furious rag' will breath,
From his hearts caue, your selues may easily gresse.
You know when touch of honor wings his minde,
What lyon thoughts tyre on his haughty soule.
Where wronged valour raignes is hard to finde,
Such pitty as may honors pride controule.

Then

The Tragicomœdie

Then sith your cause to loose your selues is bent,
To loose your lives or purchase living thaire:
Let wisedomes eyes, blinde erroours faults present,
With easie a spark, with paine is quenched a flaine.
Be aduocates for me to Cæsar's grace,
And stop in time the current of his hate:
Let gentle pittie in your mindes finde place,
Wher swounds haue pleaded, words wil come too late.
You know my fortune euer hath been such,
As a viced Emperours eyes with honor shine:
But since Antonius hath augmented much,
This soueraignty and great estate of mine;
Since nature, fortune, birth and maiestie,
In fields of glory sterte vp ciuill warres,
Which of them most shold raise my dignite,
And lift mine honore neerest to the starres:
Since these two Emperours whose princely hands,
Doe swy the fayre of the Romane state:
The one my brother, linkt in natures bands,
The other is my spouse and louing mate;
Since heauens themselues did in my life prouide,
To shew the map of their felicheite:
This nome me, Lords and al the world beside,
Make me the object of thir wondring eyes.
Thus I that was more haapy then the rest,
And did excell in glory and renoure:
With more then most disgrace shal be supprest,
No full like his that falleth from a crowne.
And that which nature grantes the meanest wight,

They

of the vertuous Ottavia.

They cannot loose which haue the conque & wonne:
Yet with this strange Dylome & workes my spight,
Who's euer winne Cæsar: is vndone.
Great Empresse, this bright sunne can witnes well,
So can these heauens before whose powers I stand:
That gainst our mindes Cæsar doth vs compell,
This enterprize you see, to take in hand,
But for my selfe, and if the case be such,
That batur report is anctor of this late:
If Cæsar's honor may be free from touch
Of any staine, relinquishing the warre.
Hee doe my best, and what I may perswade,
To lay downe armes, wherein it I preuaile:
A perfect league of friendship shal be made,
That may the fury of this tempest quale.
And pardon me deare soueraigne, though my speech
Include exceptions in this doublle wile:
I may not Cæsar mooue, nor him beseech,
What may his maiestie disroyallize.
This said, behold my hand my sword, my soule,
Heere humbly prostrate at your princely feete:
What you command, let none dare to controule,
This Cæsar will and this we shalke most meete.
I say, Madam, your speech I thinke doth not extend,
To the dispayrement of your owne bloud:
And sooner shall my life haue finall end,
Then I refuse to doe your highnes good.
Though last my speech, yet second vnto none
Is my desire, to effectuate your will:

E

Ent

The Tragicomædie

But loe where *Cæsar* comes himselfe alone, (skil.
Arme we our tonges with words, our words with
Cæs. Faver issue of renoun'd *Ottawas* race,
My second selfe, Roomes glorious Empresse:
Behold vt all asembledd heere in place,
To worke your safetie and your wrongs redresse.
Your Lord *Antonius* (as we heare) doth threate,
To power sharpe stormes of deep reuenging ire,
Vpon our heads: and make th' imperiall seate
His sole possestion, ere he hence retyre.
But let him know, though finely he pretend.
To guilde injustice with a Princes name:
Though he triumph in words, yet ere I end,
What he begin, he may repent the same.
Ott. My gracious Lord, high words doe but encræse
The flaine of valour in incensed mindes:
Leave armes my Lord, and let vs treat of peace:
Who best doth speed in war, smal safety findes,
Ful wel the world your noble worth hath knowne,
Let not new dangers needless tropheies raise.
Let not th' effect of hateful deeds be showne,
Against my Lord who may deserue your praise.
Cæs. Shal he be prais'd that is become our foe,
Staine of our name, foile of the *Romaine* state:
A scroule man, contriuer of our woe,
And from all honor doth degenerate?
Play what is more, tis said he doth pretend,
To worke our ruine, and our fatal end.
Ott. Can soule suspition then stand falle report,

In

of the vertuous Ottawas.

In wisedomes confines holde so large a place:
That it can foyle our reason in such sort,
To fly the good, and worke his owne disgrace?
The auncient *Romaines* wont to draw their swordes,
To purchase honor, of their stoutest foes:
But you whose groun des are vaine surmized words,
By seeking honor, shall your honors loose.
Fame hath two wings, the one of false report:
The other hath some plumes of veritie:
Why then should doubtful rumour, raise a forte
Of mortall hate, against my Lord and me.
Suppose he rais'd as you haue done, a power:
He to defend, not to offend his friend,
The heauens forbid that any fatall hower,
Should your proceedings turne t'vnhappy end.
Vnhappy no, he never tailes armisse,
That foiles his too before his final ende:
High honor, not long life, the treasure is,
Which noble mindes without respect defend.
Ott. The prize of honor is not alwaies bloud.
Cæs. Tis honor all whose end imports our good.
Ott. O wretched state where men make halfe to dye.
Cæs. True valour feeleas nor grieze nor misery.
Ott. He is your brother, be not then vnkinde.
Cæs. Justice, not pitty, fits a Princes minde.
Ott. He hath done nothing, spare an innocent.
Cæs. He doth too much that beares a false entent.
Ott. You both are stronge, and both will buy it deare.
Cæs. I arm'd with iudice, know not how to feare.

E. 2

Ott. 1.

The Tragicomadie

O.7. O *Cesar* shall my heart be made a stage,
For you to play a bloudie tragedie?
Shall leave misfortune, breaching spitefull rage,
Make me vice parent of all miserie?
I both of you mislaid in circous maze,
Doe lecke reuenge of malconueit wrongs,
For your owneakes out of your fancies raze,
The pot of malice grafted with your tongues,
But if mischance haue offered any grace,
To cyther party: O let me entreatee,
That for my sake, kinde pardon may deface,
A fault to finall, with breath of words made great.

Ce. Bright lamp of vertue, honoris living flame,
Wholocuet wiue, you can no losse sustaine:
Whom partall fortune hit to crowne with lame,
His be the day, the triumph and the game.
The victor must be eyther your owne Lord,
Or els your brother, who will both consent,
To me their fortunes with the dinte of sword,
But I hold you as the worlds chiese ornament.
If batch we fall, (which hap the heauens forbid)
All that suruue, are subiect to your will.
Your birth, your state, your vertues are not hid:
But knowne, and lou'd, and will be honored still.
no ear so deaf whiel, hat' not heard your name, (inire
Whose eares haue heard, their mindes your worth ad-
Whose minds admire, their harts loue doth enflame,
And winnes them subiect to your owne desire,
No perils threaten you, you need not feare.

O.8.1.

of the vertuous Octavia.

O.8.1. But many you, and I their burthen be ire.
Ces. Tis reason I, none els my grise sustaine.
O.8.1. Where nature foreeth, reason is but vaine.
And therefore *Cesar* heere I thee bezech,
By thise lame scepter-bearing hands of mine:
By these lame teares, true witness of my speech,
By that lame princely port and grace of mine:
By all the loue thou bear'st. O *Scruel ghost*,
By all the rightes that louing mindes hold deare,
Lay armes aside dismisse this puissant boath,
Let friendly truce release my minde of feare.
If not, ne drowne my life in these lame teares,
And tie with plaints the Pandorian birdes:
Tyre th' *Halesones*, with griefe that beares
To high a braine, for highest clyming words.
Ile make the sunne for pity doath his steedes
In sorrows iuery, and disdaine your figne:
Force niggard *Pluto* with my wosfull deeds.
To entertaine my soules disgraced flight
Else will I flie and shrowde my face from shame,
Where *Pyndus* hides his head amongst the staines:
Or where ambitious *Ethrus*, wanting flame
Of heauenly lamps, the cloudes swiftnotion barres.
Ought will I doe, before these eies behold
Death's visage paun'd in that princelie face:
Before I see captiuitie, lay holde
On th' faire lims, which merit highest grace.
Before I see their bloudie weapons drinke,
The nectar of thy life, or loue stain'd,

E 5^e

With

The Tragicomœdie

With vgly gore : O let me never thinke,
Or hope till then, to haue this life maintain'd.
Before that time, death is a welcome guest
To my liues lodging : and O sisters deare,
If euer pitty dwelt in dyrefull brest,
Draw not my thred till that newes peirce mine eare.
How oft when sleep invites my drowsie eye,
With natures curtaine to repell the light:
And hide my minde from sorrows tyranny,
Vnder the darknes of the silent night?
Shal thy pale ghost defil'd with deaths soule hand,
Stand in my sight, as in the clearest day:
And fury-like arm'd with blacke fiery brand;
Affright my minde and chase dead sleep away?
Which being gone, fierce sorrows cruell clawes,
Seaze on my waking thoughts like tygers fell:
And gripe my heart with sharpe tormenting pawes,
That thousand times deaths rygour doth excell.

Cæs. O perfect vertue gracing woman kinde,
Inuincible *Ostania* cease to plaine:
O had *Antonius* halfe so good a minde,
No discord could betwixt vs two remaine.
My Lords what thinke you, how may we procced?
High honor cries reuenge vpon our foes:
And yet *Ostania* crossing this our deed,
Cannot resolute which of vs she would loose.
Agg. I thinke it is a braue and Princeley thing,
With fire and sword to ruinate our foes:
But greater glory is it for a King.

To

of the vertuous Ostania.

To sauе his subiects from wars common woes.
Tis wisedome noble *Cæsar*, most aduance
Our state beyond the reach of fortunes arme:
Not fierce reuenge which workes effectes by chance,
And glories most when most it worketh harme.
And valour, such as doth contemne all feare,
And guild our actes with honor and renoune:
With gentle clemencie, our deeds endear,
And mount with vertue where chance throwes vs
Meca. The rarest thing a Princes faire to raze,
Is to excell thosē that are excellent:
All other to surmount in vertues praise,
And be his kingdomes chiefest ornament.
Make quiet peace within his coastes remaine,
And succour thosē that liue in great distresse:
From bloody slaughter ever to refraine,
With time, and wisedome, passions rage suppreſſe.
These are the wings directing vertues flight.
This is the fuell feeding honors flame.
This is the path that leades to heauen aright.
and sun-br. glit beames that guild braue *Cæsars* name.
Cæs. Pitty my Lords, is often like a maske,
That hides our eyes from seeing what is iust:
Inuiting any t'vndertake the taske,
To worke our woes and execute their lust.
For to neeleſt the course we haue begun,
Were to betray our felues vnto our foes:
Where keeping stronge though no exploite be done,
Yet gaining nothing, nothing shall we loose.

Why

The Tragisomœdie

Why you're ill inform'd of *Antony*,
And his attempts exceed your knowledge farre:
I feare me when you know as much as I,
You'll pleade as fast to prosecute the warre.
But see a stranger hafts into our sight,
With further newes, and if I judge a right.
Bye. Thrice noble *Cæsar*, hither am I sent,
Hauing in charge from great *Mark Antony*:
Th' ambassage of his pleasure to present,
Before *Ottavia* and thy maiestie.
First he commandes *Ottavia* to depart,
Out of his house, and leauie all that is his:
The reason why, he list not to impart,
It must suffice that such his pleasure is.
He likewise will thy highnesse knowledge take,
How much he scornes thou shouldest his wile with stand:
And thereof meanes with fire and sword to make,
A perfect demonstration out of hand.

Cæs. Will *Antony* our confines then invade,
With Crull warres, contriuer of our woe?
Great reaon preparation should be made,
For to withstand so puissant a 'foe.

Bye. Fijue hundredth fale of warlike ships he brings,
Wherewith the strothing Ocean he scoures:
And in his army are eight foraigne Kings,
Eight Kings in person with their mighty powers.
A hundred thousand well arm'd foote, are led
Vnder *Canidius* their chiefe generall:
Twelue thousand horse most strongly furnished,

All

of the vertuous Ottavia.

All these are knowne, and knowne these are not all.
Cæs. How now my Lords, is this thinke you a tyme,

To talke of clemencie? or of delay?

Is not this mischiefe in his chiefest prime,

Before we could the speedie spring bewray?

What saith *Ottavia* to these tidings strange,

Are our coniectures vpon falsehood grounded?

Can th's suffice your settled thoughts to change?

Are not our liues with mischiefe Ocean bounded?

Ott. Had I so many tongues to paint my woes,

As euer silent night had shining eyes:

Yet could not all their eloquence disclose,

The throwes of greefe which do my minde surprize,

But would to God this world of misery,

Mought presently be trebled vnto me:

So that from imminent calamitie,

My dearest brother *Cæsar* mought be free.

For me, long since I wel discern'd the storne,

And sought by all meane how I mought preuent it:

But sith no wit can *Antony* reforme,

O 'tis not I, but he, that wil repente it.

I fear'd the stroke before I fel the wound,

But now resolu'd the worst of chance to bide:

True fortitude doth in my soule abound,

My honor scornes the height of fortunes pride.

The worst that can befall me is but death:

And O how sweete is his liues sacrificize,

On vertues altar that expires his breath,

And in the armes of innocencie dyes.

They

[The Tragicomadie

They onely feare, and onely wretched are,
From whose bad liues staind with impietie :
Their dying fame doth to the world declare,
Most shamefull stories of soule infamie.
But those that know not, let them learme in me :
That vertuous minds can never wretched be.
Ces. My Lords, I wil yee presently proclaime
Marke *Antony*, a foe vnto our state:
That all his soueraignties yea straight reclaine,
And all his dignitie annihillate.
We will not see the *Romaine* Empires shine,
By any seruile minde to be defamed :
To manage steele our nature dooth encline,
Of womens wanton toyes we are ashamed.
And therefore with such hast, as may be fit,
A matter that imports our dearest bloud:
Weele meet *Antonius*, if the heauens permit,
And what we say, there will we make it good.
Adiew *Octavius*, and your selfe prepare
To runne what course of fortune I approue:
It happie starres to vs allotted are,
He never be forgetfull of your loue.
O.C. Honour attend thy steeps, and till I see,
The period of my worlds declining state:
Ie never to my selfe a traitor bee,
But seeke the meanes to stay your mortall hate.

Chorus.

of the vertuous Octavia.

Chorus.

*E*arth-ruling heauenly powers,
Great Ioues immortall mates :
*T*hus from your Chrysal bowers,
*D*yre all mortall states,
*A*nd vs like Actors do dispose :
*T*o play what parts you list vnto.
*M*ust we, poore we, consente
*T*o call you ever lust ?
*T*hough you oare harts torment,
*E*uen after your owne lust ?
*A*nd for each drop of hoped joy :
*P*owre downe whole tempests of annoy.

*A*nd that which is much more,
*L*ooke what we best do deere :
*D*ub Sex our mindes more sore,
*T*hen that wee least esteeme.
*A*nd that which nature sith is best :
*B*Y tryall yeelds vs smalllest rest.
*W*ho dooth not wish, to weare
*T*he terror breeding crowne :
*A*nd direfull sciper beare,
A badge of high renoue ?
*T*er who more iustly do complaine :
*T*hat they the brunt of woes sustaine.

Stand

The Tragicomædie

Stand who so fit for me,
In highest fipprie place :
Though great their glorie be,
Yet greater their disgrace.
And who so subject to mischance :
As those whom fortune doth advance.
These be the earth-creeping mites,
Proud in use neuer purpos :
Whom is the greatest of plotes,
Her poisoned quicke flyes.
Each tempest doth to move the seas :
When little laies haue quiete eare.

With those that are bedight,
With burnisht & iſtering gold,
Whiles iomped th' haile our sight,
With wonder to behoude :
Iſt ſmall ſweet without me of glorie,
Nor ſad: true joyes within their call.
Thus did the heauens iompe,
Not that they are iompe :
But for to p. with thoe,
Who glory in their ill.
And our misdeeds procure & fill :
To ſeeke our good amonſt much ill.

A monſter honour is,
Whiles eyes are vertues flame :
Howe contempt of this,

Whicke

of the voreuous Octauie.

With we pale death do name,
Him L. on heare nighte do th' care :
But crowing roch of shame to haire.
His wings are iſh deuils,
His ſteet of Inſice frame :
Fewe dangerous apes,
Hercule immortall fame.
With the traine of Envyes phisick,
It wh others growth be it ſelfe conuict.

Actus Quintus.

Italia. Gemini. Camilla.

Hath *Gemini* beheid th' Egyptian Queen,
The auctor of the troubled worlds distresse?
Hast thou but giufts and rare perfections ſcene,
That makes *Anomie* ſee ice; thus digeſſe?
Tell vs, ſhe ſo a letrable faire,
That Italy bath none which may come nigh her,
Doth ſhe all beauties elle ſo much impaire,
Or els indeed, dooth perſonall fame be lyke her?
Haue thofe her eyes to ſare an influence,
To hauke and captiuare men ſcenes ſo,
That ſoyling wit, and reaons beſt defence,
They rauished, muſt needs themſelues forgoe?
Coy, I knowe not what may ſeem faire in your ſight,
Beſtlike from me what others di' commend:

But

The Tragicomœdie

But for my selfe, and if I judge aright,
Speaking of Cleopatra as a trend.
The fairest thing that in her may be seene:
Is, that she is a Ladie and a Queene.
Madame, that sun-burnt coalt, yelds not a face
Which with the Romain beauties may compare:
There mought be found a thousand in this place;
Whose naturall perfections are more rare.

Iul. How passing strange it seemes that *Antony*,
Should leaue the paragon of natures pride:
And follow hit whose shamefull luxurie,
Dooth make the world his folly to decide.
Whence should it spring, that such a thing should be?
Is this his folly, or the heauens decree?

Cam. His fault no doubt, & crossesthe natures lawes.

Iul. And I thinke not, for nature is the cause.

By nature we are moou'd, nay forst to loue:
And being forst, can we resit the same?
The powerfull hand of heauen we wretches prooue:
Who strike the stroke, and poore we, beare the blame.

Cam. Loue sure, frō nature tooke his birth by right,
But loue of what? *Iul.* Of beautie loues delight.

Cam. And what is beautie? *Iul.* first say what is loue?

Cam. Loue's a desire of what doth liking moue.

Iul. Desire doth spring, frō what we will, and want,
Dooth loo'c himselfe in winning of his saint:
Enioying dooth that humor quite supplant,
And therefore cannot this loues nature paint.
If loue were a desire, as you do gesse,

Sith

of the vertuous Octavia.

Sith none desires that which he doth enjoy,
We could not loue the thing we do possesse:
For why, enjoying, would our loue destroy.
But this is false, and you haue iudg'd amisse.

Cam. Speak you the truth, whose iudgment better is.

Iul. I thinke this loue a deepe affection sure,
Wrought by th' instinct of natures hidden might,
Which in our hearts an vniou doth procure,
With that which perfect seemes vnto our sight.
Such is that loue which in vs doth arise,
When such a beautie we do chaunce to see:
As with our nature best doth sympathize,
Which nature, faultie is, and not poore we.

Cam. Wel, what is beauty? *Iul.* that which liketh best.

Cam. Which liketh whō? *Iul.* Some one abouely rest.

Cam. Why? some do like what others disallowe.
Some loue, what others hate: and few there are
In whom a like affection doth growe,
Of any one thing, though the same be rare.
Were beautie then such as you heere do name,
One thing should be, and not be beautiull,
One thing should be, and yet not be the same:
And that me thinkes were strange and wondersfull.
I rather thinke these outward beauties growe,
From iust proportion and right symmetrie:
Of these same giufts which nature doth bestow,
Vpon vs all in our nativitie.

Iul. Indeed we see a mixture farre more fine
In some, then others, wrought by natures frame:

To

The Tragicomadie

To whom the praise of beautie we atende,
Yet do not all alike affect the same,
Now, if this were the obiect of our loue,
We all shold like some one that were most faire.
Who shoulde alone in st deepe affection inuine,
Whos vulgar meids in ought drown in deep depeare.
But as no wome art easily can endiuine,
To be depriv'd of beauties louely praze.
Sith there none so much deformed fore,
That in your mans affection dath not raise,
There is one so faire whose beaute all respect,
Although we were enuie it shold be so:
Some nuring faire, whom we must needs affect,
Thought he roun, wth and all the world say no.
C. m. And what shold be the cause of all this same?
In. I think becyme we loue in natures frame.
I onk how the I onkone drawes nought els but steele
Three jemerals or more pretious are about it:
Yet thises his steele feernes to seeke
Howe ever affect we, and inuine not without it,
Or as in dues seeke it: events we see,
When any one doth strike a tuned string:
The rest which with the same in concord be,
Will shew a morrowe that treachery thing,
Whom all the other murther shire wth playe
Although perhaps more quis all then they:
So are our minds in right of reason rare,
Crown'd with the bent of natures compleas,
Whose pow'full force, no v. g. no arm, can flaw.

And

of the virtuous Octavia.

And if you aske a farther reason why
In these two things, but shew the cause of both:
And then I tell you why we loue, and hauie,
Now, if the prouer of nature be so strong
That ene'ye clele things yeld therewith:
O why shoulde we endure so great a wrong,
To bome the blame of this whch othes doe.
Wher hauing mane in cassele amselfe to be,
And art as paine as to reuinie,
From that whereto our nature dath agree:
And spight of vs, doth vs thereto contine.
Whos can be angry with the fenedeles steele,
For cursing vs to thin haire a hard thing?
O blame that whch can neither hant, nor feele,
For no mane to the other louing thing,
If the se may be excusd by natures lawes:
Other much more then if we be free from blame,
Vnlike shose tender hearts affection shawes,
Such dure characters leading to the same.
C. m. Is beaute then, sole obiect of our loue?
In. That which seemys so, doth our affection moue.
C. m. I never thought that verme had beene hit,
In. We praise that most, but yet esteeme it least,
C. m. Why osterlemed, whose worth is so well knownne.
In. I saw that vse the world hath overgrownne.
C. m. The name is often hard in each man, wth
In. The thing more rare then Engle in the shire.
C. m. The thing contermed can we the name esteeme?
In. Verely, that are you just as all world esteeme.

f

But

The Tragicomœde

But sith this is the beautie of the minde,
And nothing fits our naturall discourse:
I et vs excuseth for *Antonius* finde,
And to our former purpose haue recourse.
Cam. No *tuler*, no, your hartest is too long,
For such a simple cropp as you receive :
You may not thus perill the truth to wrong,
And with your wit, the world seeketh to deceiue.
But Lord, how willing are we to inuent,
And finde out couerts to obscure our sinne :
As though to hide the same, and not repente,
Could vs preserue from being drownd therein.
Tis true, that nature did these buildings frame,
And true, that they to natures power are thrall.
And true, that imperfections foyle the same.
And true, that we by natures weaknesse fall.
And this is true, that God ymatured all,
And gaue vs wildeome to supprese our will :
He gaue vs perfect reason to recall,
Affections scoutes from following what is ill.
Why we are men : and this same iparke diuine,
Our trouping thoughts should marshall in such wise,
That no affect from reason should decline,
Nor rebell passion in our hearts arise.
Th' instinct of nature, which doth all things moue,
Bids loue whereas you like without regarde :
But pietie saith, whereas vs lawfull loue,
C'ls hell tormenta thatli be your rewarde.

Ottavia.

of the vertuous Ottavia.

Ottavia. Antonyes children.

And is it true, is *Antony* vnkinde ?
Hath this new loue, of faith and troath bereft him ?
Can fonde affection so obscure his minde,
That not one sparcle of honor should be left him ?
Can he so far forget his owne good name,
As to dishonor all that are about him ?
Ali can he not without a further blame,
Permit them dye that cannot liue without him ?
Come poore companions of my misery,
The issue of the faithlest man aliue :
Support the burthen of his trecherie,
Whose base reuolt, our ruine doth contrive.
Come poore beholders of your mothers fall,
Whose innocence mought greater pittie moue :
Your impious father doth despise vs all,
Forsaken we, must other fortunes proue.
Come poore attendants of a falling state,
Whose silent sadness doth my greefe renew :
Yet beyou all much more vnlucktayne,
Fare any seedes of leawdnesse rest in you.
Come let vs goe, and leaue this loanly place,
Your fathers dying loue bequeathes you hence :
O leue this house, as from your owne disgrace,
Tis his commaund, you shou'd be banilift hence.
Dead *Fulvia*, how can thy imperious gheast
Endure to see thine *Orphants* thus opprest ?
Yet of mine honor though' his loue be lost,

F 2

Whiles

The Tragicomedia

Whiles I suruiue, they shall not be distresed.
O *Antony*, borne of no gentle Syre,
Some cruell *Enemys* did thee beget:
Euen keen clede things thy leunce'elnesse admire,
And see me to teele what thou seemest to forget.
Oft haue I seene, these stodes with pity moued,
Shred droppynge teares, lamenting my disgrace:
When in thy heart where most it most behoued,
No knyghte tenyse cou'd ever finde a place.
More milde then thee, I finde each cruell beast,
For they but gine a finale-tyme lasting death:
Wish en' herte greefe, my soule thou dost molest,
Which euer killynge, never staps my breath.
O fading pulter of my fylling state!
O fading flower of vertues fairest field!
O why shouldest thou so much degenerate,
And liuors bynigh-right to dishonor yeld.
Yeld to dishonour all that deare bought wealth,
Whiche earthy kings doth in heauens kngdom place.
Let thy rouned treasure fall away by healeth.
By reualish contrarie and winke thine owne disgrace.
O *Eros*, is that my Lord did know,
As thy fynnes boye shuntes shaftes of swift desire:
So myghtie *Love*, sharpe thunder-boouts doth throwe,
Confounding such as from his lawes retyre.
He nurst in tyme, sees not his owne disgrace,
Augmenting still, our sorrow and his shame:
That greateuell hides the dnger from his face,
But yet my care is doubled with the same.

The

of the vertuous Octavia.

The greedie Wolfe, and cruell rauering be. re,
Touchit with th' extremitie of hungry paine,
The gullible cat'e furious, do ware:
And being fed, from cruelse re. raine.
But tyranizing greefe prays on the heart,
And cloyed with sighes and reages doth ful persecuer:
In raging sune nothing may dure,
But still, still fed, is saulhed neuer.
O happy he, a shoulard tyme and more,
Whose quiet thoughts so milde a caine do gaine:
That neither hope can force from safesves shone,
Nor deepe despaire can slacke on mis. hies maire.
But maiestie, and honour, for these too,
Shalbe the onely obiects of mine eye:
What vertue faith is iuit, that will I doe,
Thus I resolute to hue, thus will I dye.

Genius. By *Lucius*. Octavia.

And are you sure that *Antony* is done?
May we beleue that this report is true?
By. Why shouldest you will me to recount againe,
The story that doth double greefe renue?
O had you but discouered with your eyes,
The face of woe in all that present were:
Or heard their dolefull noyle and shriking cryes,
You would haue cause to greeue and not to feare.
O. What tragick tidings bring these wofull wights,
That ring such peales of honor in mine eares?
What ymknowne cause your marshall hearts affright?

I

What

The Tragiomedie

What silent greefe in your sadde lookees appeares ?
Byl. Did but our words import the sound of woe,
To wound your eares withall were doubtfull sinne :
But sith your highnesse wyl, it shold be so,
And that your safetie is contain'd therein ;
We will not from your grace conceale the same ,
And though we shold, yet time will open all.
From Ægyptis common woes I lately came,
And bidewaile *Antonius* wilfull fall.

O. If *Antony* ore throwned ? Byl. Yes all is lost.
His power and forces wholy are decayed:
He is deceiu'd by his loued moist,
By *Cleopatra* shamefullly betrayed,
And she that taught him first to swim in sinne :
Was eu'en the first that drown'd his life therein .

O. Ah, by what meanes did the my Lord abuse ?
Byl. By such a meanes as leawd offenders use.
For when the warres at first pretended were,
And that *Antonius* with him would not take hit :
She fearing least hit selfe not being there,
He haply mought be moued to forlake hit.
Shee fees *Canidius* our cheefe Generall,
Him to perswade, that she mought present be :
He sues, obtaines, and we embarked all,
Make ioyfull hast our wofull end to see.
For whiles our powers of equall forces were,
And neither side could disaduantage spye :
Like one that knew a secret cause of feare,
Out of the armie she began to flye.

Loc

of the vertuous Octavia.

Loe, how no greatnesse can our conscience free,
From inward horror of our wicked deeds :
For that same better part of vs doth see,
A greater power whose Justice terroure breeds.
But he, whose thoughts were to hir lookees enchain'd,
Although the armie did no losse sustaine,
As though for hit he had the world disdayned :
Forakes them all, and after flyes amaine.
Whose causelesse teare so much dismaid the hoast,
Who scorn'd to fight for him which runne away :
That with small hurt, the battle there was lost,
And *Cesar* had the honor of the day.
The Legions, thus deprited of a guide,
Themselues to *Celars* clemencie submi :
Antonius basenesse they do al I deride,
And thinke a chamber were for him more fit.
But Lyon-harted *Cesar* still proceeds,
His strength is doubled, weakened is his foe :
Unto *Pelusium* hastely he speddes,
These fugitiues may not escape him so.
There lay *Antonius* nauie in the rode,
Who yeelded when *Augustas* fleet was seene :
And likewise shewed how *Antony* abode,
At *Alexandria* with this fearfull Queene,
Who seeing thus himselfe depriued of ayde,
Cryes out that *Cleopatra* hath betrayed him :
She whether guiltie, or perhaps affraid,
That fro hit slaughter nothing could haue staid him ;
Flies from his sight, and falsely sends him word,

F 4

Thae

The Tragomedie

That she, drown'd in despaire, his life had flaine :
Wherwith entag'd, he takes a bloudie word,
And breathing out these speeches all in vaine,
O lie a ~~sea~~ paine is of my heart ;
And art thou dead ? to dying I adore thee :
The more then death, doth now procure my smart,
I lost mynning courage, I went not before thee ;
With that, yet warn'd death-coloured instrument,
In his hande he did the gate set ope,
Whiche to the earth, his blouddier hars hath sent :
Hys dying soule up to the heauens I hope,
And is he dead ? Byt his better part yet haueth,
But to his corps a wonde sweet quiet gnedith.

O la O proue Promethm, now I feele thy paine,
Give a grecie salure seedes vpon my heart :
Vpon my head a thower of malchise raine,
And all the heauens conclude to worke my smart.
O my Astemy, O my Lord, my Lord :
O that O la had haue thine for thine ;
O that the heauens wold vnto me a lorde,
That this my bloud might thy livynsone be.
Mine was the wound thou maist that i~~th~~keleth,
That purple staine exalced hym in my heart,
I amy depe pafions, is thy deach expre,
Thon felist the strok, but I endur the smart,
And O that grecie did not thus stop my breath,
And all my words did blude in flowers of teares,
That I mighte worthy lament thy death :
And Cariduza-Me, dull all mens care.

Unhappy

of the vertuous Octauia.

In happy world, the pilgrimage of paine,
The stage where in Uerche actes a dyteful part :
What haft thou had, what doft thou now containe,
Whiche but a thought of pleasures mought in part,
Not one che wanting houre my life hath tasted :
But from the very instant of my birth,
The slant woe my tyred heart haue wasted,
And my poore thoughts are ignorant of mirth.
Looke how one wae, another fill paueeth,
When some great tempest hold their troupes in chafe,
Or at one houre an outlers losse reneweth,
Or a gowing day supplies another place ;
So do the billows of affiliction beate me,
And hand in hand the stormes of mischiefe goe :
Sore euill care with vter ruine threate me,
Griefe is enclam'd with griefe, and woe with woe,
Yet must I beare it with a patient minde :
For why the heauens haue this to me affign'd.

Chorus.

I Nexorable fates,
That on both high and low,
Your equall iugar shew:
Correcting allestoyes,
And hatelyminded suppre, vng.
Your fauour none may wile me,

No

The Tragicomedie

No cloake or faults can bides;
For needs we must abide,
The punishment of staine,
And hope for no releas.
No greatness may withstand,
No words can pity moone:
But we must all approone,
The vigour of your hand:
Great loues decrees expressing.

Great loues decrees, which some,
Fate, fortune, chance, doe name:
Are not indeed the same,
But heauens eternall doome,
Our wittesse steps directing.
Their speech exceeds our skill,
Their words pierce not our eares:
But in our life appears,
The legent of their will:
Our errors misse correcting.
Then let the greatest know,
Dole on their ruine feedes:
Whiles they obscure vile deedes,
Under a glorious shew;
The vulgar sort infecting.

Octavia still distrest,
Doth not to vs declare,
How they moſt fetched are.

of the vertuous Octavia.

Who are with grieſe opprest:
But ſbewes what heauen requireth.
How through affliction great,
Great troubles and annoy:
We finde the doubtful way,
That leades to vertues ſeate:
Which wifedome ſelfe deſireth.
In faireſt christ all ſtone,
Let men her trophey iſhew:
That all the world may know,
Heere liveth ſuch a one,
As vertues height iſpireth.

Sharpe grieſe and ſweete delight,
Are gyants to approone:
If ought may be remoue,
And turne vs from the right,
Then we double errore ſpringeith.
The weakeſt wrought his fall,
Whiles that Octavia true:
The other did subdue.
And purchaſt therewithall:
That faire her honor ſingeth.
A monumēnt moſt rare,
Of pure Arabian gold,
The highest worth iſonfold,
Let arte for her prepare:
Who time ineruſumph bringeth.

Who

Time

The Tragicomedia

Time shal' eare are thy name,
With honor, breath make sweet:
The earland is no^t meete,
For such as winne the same;
Thy vertue best deserved.
Whiles any sparke of worth,
Deth bode in womans brest:
Thy prause among the rest,
Be cuerm. re henceforth,
Inn bie^t mindes preferred:
O Diamonds most pure,
A tombe let Angels frame:
And there engrave her name,
For cuermore t' endure,
T' eternituy referred.

I'esus non temo de l' eterno ob. so.

FINIS.



To the honorable, ver-
tuous, and excellent: Mistresse
Mary Thynne.



Orthy of all the titles of ho-
nor, & nature, vertue, wise-
dome and worth, may be-
stow on their worthyest, &
most fauoured possessors:
hauing late^t y extracted the
memory of *Ottawa* out of the ashes of ob-
livion: my thoughts continuing (perhaps
longer then was fitte) the current of that
stremme, haue made some idle houres con-
uerst themselves into the mislike Epistles
betweene the vertuous *Ottawa* and the hi-
centious *Antony*, wherein although my
slender skill, hath no way bin answerable
to the height of your noble concept, that
the sight of them mought breed you the
least content: yet since they are done (pre-
suming vpon your accustom'd Clemency)
I humbly submit them to y^r fauourable
censure. If you therefore who are the mo-
ther

The Dedicat.

ther, or (vnder your correction, to say better, the murtherer) if concealing may bee called a murther,) of such excellent, & vertuous knowledges and perfections, as are able to register a vulgar minde in the famous roules of neuer-ending eternity, will alow the meane and humble conceiptes of others: your honor shalbe aduanced to the highest pitch of their possibility. If you will esteeme the small portion of iudgement in other men, the excellency whereof you will not acknowledge in your selfe: theyr industry shall neuer cease, to wing your saue, till it haue towred beyond the reach of death, and obliuion. Accept therefore I beseech you the memorials of this vertuous Empresse: that your worthines may indeare these worthlesse lynes; these lynes record her memory, her memory aduance your glory, your glory purchase all wished felicitie, and your high felicities, euer encrease till time giue place vnto eternity.

Humbly yours,
S. B.



The Argument.



Cleauia seeing the long stay of her husband Marke Antony with Cleopatra the Ægyptian queene: And finding by often tryall, that nothing mought preuaile to recall his obstinate minde from her unlawfull loue: Intended a voyage to visite him her selfe in person. But in in the way she received letters from him, requiring her not to approach or come neare him, but to make her stay at Athens (where she was at that time) for that he meant without longer delay there to come unto her. She expeceting his promise (as at all other times) in vaine: and finding her selfe frustrate of all hope to attaine her desire: wrieth unto him (as it may be supposed) to this effect.

Ostia to Antonius.

Now when these lines mine owne desire Let: 3
Shall first approach thy sight.
Thee Lays v. high follow, fear and loue
Compel'd my hand to write)
But beholde the writers name,
Which deeth thine eyes awane,
(Her name a full of constant truth,
As (host of false decoupl)
An I feele any meuny,
Of her doe yet remaine,
If not, eiech it from thine eyes,
To read it were but vaine,
From the nee (if shame will thee permit)
Proceed vnto the rest;
It is not much to view my deed,
Tough thou doe me detest.
When me relation woe is me
Then I must call it true
Of thy most odious fath'fessise,
First came unto my w. w.
I then as a man with indane stroke,
Of thunders mighty force,
Wilt for a tyme both life and leare,
I in body deeth diare,
Bereft of motion, stand amaz'd
With terror of the blow,
And though alive, yet cannot le.

Ostia.

Where he did sit, or so
So stande I (my selfe appal'd,
With horrour to the thondre
Whi fly now alake, too will I finde,
Doin my destruction bring,
How faire I would not haue beene
That then thoulda haddelde me,
How faire I would haue made my selfe
A hyre falle for thee
But thou art v. v. red and forsworne,
And aye my my shew (call)
Thon haue I care and tak it no care,
Whi me p. o. s. me belike,
O deyly d. m. b. l. g. fath'feman,
Thon dost me th. se. a. l.
S. d. a. n. o. f. l. e. r. t. h. l. o. w. l. e. n. c. e.
To bere the moth a wile,
W. a. r. j. f. o. t. t. h. l. o. d. t. h. e. l. d. t. h. e. l. e. r. s.
O. c. o. n. d. e. l. v. k. i. n. d. e.
When lastly thou didst part from me,
With shew of constant or wile
Did not thys flowyng eyes assure
A never changing loue
Did not thys parmydyon tonge,
Thys eidle ce appio me?
Did not thys bouldre fath'fessise, embrase
Thys body now depts d?
And thys d. m. b. l. g. fath'feman,
Whi too touch loue injur'd
O deare O T. a. m. (d. d. l. t. h. u. r. v.)

Thought.

Otilia.

Though we must parted be:
But for a time, yet that small time
Seemes thouland yere to me.
When I from thee shalbe remou'd,
From all ioyes I shal part:
Yet earthell when I am remou'd,
With thee shall rest my heart.
Then sweet take then no care for me,
But sighes and teares neglect:
And shortly if the heauen permit,
My fate remaine eape?.Heere would I haue replyed faine,
When greate me tongue wil stay:
And al my words shalld to teares,
Whiles thou didst part away.
Shall I expell him that entends,
To see me never, then?
O deep deceipt! o fraude! o guile!
O vaine dissembling men!
What honor, worth, or honesty,
In him what pitty were,
That being mine without remorse,
Could these abuses haue?
But thou thy selfe, my Lord, to be
The agent of my pome:
O how can words but make thee know,
The grieve that I sustaine?
The golden pyllers of thy youth,
Did promise vnto me:
The building of ealusng age,

Otilia.

Should better furnish be.
Howe might I but conceiue, what cause
Might thee heereto compell:
Vnlesse my selfe haue been the same,
In louing thee too well.
What beauty, pleasure, wealth or wit,
So rare doth *Nilas* breed?
But *Uaber* may therewith compare,
If not the same exceed
Some fond affection hath bewitcht,
Thy princely minde I feare:
O that I could my doubtful thoughts,
From such suspition cleare.
What is then no more power, or force,
In vertues fairest shield:
But noble mindes must basely fall,
And to affection yeild
Or was this sweet care-pleasing word,
But placed on thy tongue?
And never planted in thy heart,
Sall rank with poison stronge.
No such inordinate strectes,
In vertuous mindes haue place:
True noble hearts can not iudre,
So mighty a disgrace.
He is no prince that subiect is,
And iudged vnto shame:
But slauē-borne witches they are call'd,
Which do delight therein.
Vaine, foolish, blinde, vnpurc.

Shewie

G 2

Dishonest

Olivia.

Dishonest, idle mindes,
Vnlawfull loue, to vile desires,
With fonde affection bindes.
This is the hand, which doth the raynes
Of modesty vndoe :
And nothing is base or vile,
Whiche it perwakes not to.
The mortall soe of realons good,
Th' inuictor of dece, is :
The plague infectes of the minde,
The deadly paynted bayre.
The furious tempest-breathing breath,
To every quiet minde :
The map of mischief, where the world
Nauis, but greese can finde.
The noble ~~virtu~~, whom the world
So highly doth adoure,
Could not be conquered by this soe,
And honored was therfore.
Tis greater shame, to him that should
Correct anothers misle :
To menie well deserued blame,
Then to him that subiect is.
Tis greater glory to defend,
Or issues from errours great:
Then by supplanting other men,
To gaine a Princely seate.
Then suffer not thy selfe aliue,
To be entomb'd in shame:
Remember how thy former deeds,

Deserue

Olivia.

Deserue immortall fame:
Procure not to thy golden day
Of life, in evening darknes.
Within the haples of reprole,
Drawe not thy conuicting burke.
Though this licentious life of thiae,
Sweet pleasure seeme to bring:
A bitter sweet thou findest it finde,
Which flowes from such a spring.
But Egypies ferde tolle, perhaps
Thy greedy thoughts dachyde:
Allured with th' abundant store,
Of minste bewitching go, i.
If vertue, honor and renoume,
Be of a smaller prize.
Then misers fonde which thou esteem'st,
Thou maist es well despise.
But if more worthi am Ie in them,
Then thou can ~~not~~ ~~not~~ see:
Then ~~deserue~~ ~~not~~ ~~not~~ him,
I rooke thee ~~not~~ to be.
O basest minde that ever lived,
And bare so braue a name:
To fly the siluer streames of worth,
And base in filthy flame.
O that thou coeldst so leaue thy selfe
A while that thou moughst finde:
How hatefull the world doth seerne,
The basenes of thy minde.
How faint I would not now belieue,

G 2

That

Othilia.

That thou sholdest art
To sell thy selfe for love of earth,
Which eas no worth imparc.
The basest thought that any minde,
Vpon the earth may haue:
Is ferrely to make it selfe,
To any thing a thare.
And by how much the bing more vile,
Which doth our liking moone:
By so much more, more obiect he,
Whiche therewith is in loue,
Then base earth creeping minde adu.
Since this is thy delight:
I blame thee not though thou do biuith,
At noble honoris sight.
Had *Tulius Cesar* loued gold,
More then a noble name:
He never had been roialliz'd,
By such immortall fame.
The *Alexandrian* monarke, whom
Aternity shall pralise:
Disdaied that any golden steys,
His glorious name shoulde caile.
But *Alysias* purchas'd endlesse shame,
By being as thou art:
And *Creesus* for his store of gold,
Had store of bitter smart.
The gods for this doe plague vs men,
We men each other hate:
From hence, as from a fountaine, spring.

S. R. E.

Otharus.

Strife, murthers, and debate.
O fencelesse minde of foolish man,
Which sees not what it hath:
But wanting in excessive store,
Continues errours path.
Theu shalt not need such store of wealth,
Thy wafrage for to pay:
When thy offendynge souie to hell,
Olde Charon shall conuay.
O seeke thy wealth in vertues mines,
If thou true ioyes wilt finde:
All other things vsconstant are,
And lighter then the winde.
But wanton lust procures thy fall,
And workes my world of woe:
An enemy of honest mindes,
Rare vertues common foe.
What plague infernall worke then this,
Whose poysoned baite doth gaine:
Both to the body and the soule,
An everlasting paine.
What multitudes of soules are lost?
What Citties ouerthronwe?
What Kingdomes by licentious lust,
Wish iuine ouergrownwe?
Let deep lamenting *Greece*, declare
The effect of haefull lust:
Or that which once was called *Troy*,
Now nothing is but dust.
And had not women had the wit,

The

O I. night.

The danger is repellē,
The ~~boldnes~~ swords had made vs feare,
The smart thereof was woe,
O let the bickering mentenes,
Of many a blisse, be,
Be area full mentenes to thy malde,
To leue this waled race,
How canst thou ceare others malde,
And yet in a fete thine gaine,
Can wofulnes joy at others joyes,
And see it selfe ouer the wold,
O since the cause of this elect,
Is so exceeding ill,
The horrour of the thing it selfe,
With terrour mought thee fill,
Who sooner with the like offence,
His booy bath defildē:
O vertues dearest ornamenti,
His soule was full defayldē,
O honor, worth and fortitude,
I leual the iured name,
And loue a coward did subiect
Himselfe to loue an ihamē,
By dayes, and nightes, hath wholly spent
In iore skeanes and play,
By folly, and by negligence,
Hath wrought his whole decay,
Ore that contynge maine lunes,
He hapy did come to,
Rate flouthunes, and luxury,

O I. night.

Which worke the same effect,
O fly inordinate delights,
Each pleasure hath his paine,
And he that binde is with sinne,
Cannot be cleane againe.
Let Deniz forme vntembed corps,
Sufficiently declare,
How this same loathsome vice doth make
His belt attendants fare,
Dost thou not know, the sagest teach,
A man shoulde never doe,
The thing that wicked is and vile,
Nor yet consent thereto?
Though waredly he did foresee,
It mought escape the light,
And be most secretly conceald,
And hid from all mens sight,
How far thou art (which moulder excell)
From being excellent:
Do but behold, and view thy selfe,
By this then presidēnt,
Who publyk halfe shoulde thy selfe
Vnto eternall shame:
And like a fencelette blinded man,
Pessauer it in the same,
Or haue some other pleafures strange,
Estrangēd thy minde from me?
For (as men say) in that same court,
Great store of pleasures be,
We want not heere our true delights,

Which

But

Oelanis.

But if we had lesse store,
Of wanton sports: thou oughtest not
To shame thy selfe therefore.
Our pleasures heere, may satisfie
And please each vertuous minde:
And he no sparke of vertue hath,
Which other seekes to finde.
Alluring pleasure, staine of life,
Sower mischiefs sweetest roote:
By it all noble thoughts and deeds,
Are troden vnder foote,
A minde corrupting monster vile,
A mal-seducing guest,
Nurse of repentance, paine, and greefe,
Depriver of sweete rest;
Prince-haunting fiend, sweete poysoned bayte,
False theefe of happy blisse;
Who seemes a guide to hoped ioyes,
But leades vs still amisse.
Do but recount with wisdoms eyes,
Those pleasures which are past,
And see what pleasure, profit, gaine,
They yeld thee now at last.
So when thy ill spent granted time,
His course hath fully runne:
Then shalt thou finde thy pleasures fled,
Hopes vaine, thy selfe vndone.
Learne to take pleasure in such things,
Whence true ioyes may arise:
Thou canst not do more like a prince,

Then

Oelanis.

Then vaine things to despise,
Bring not thy selfe, thy hou'e, thy queene,
Vnto eternall shame:
In being much more then thy selfe.
And farre lesse then thy name,
Let no delight make thee forget,
What best befits thy state:
He is no Prince, which his affects
Cannot predominate,
VWho for his pleasure poyson drinkes,
Though mixt with things most sweete:
Should haue a name by my consent,
For such a man more meete.
Or doost thou heere dislike perhaps,
That *Deus* bears such swaye:
And sacred vertues holy rights,
Hauing made thee flye away.
Is chastitie so loathsome then
Vnto a wanton eare:
That beautie is no beautee, where
Such chaste desires appear?
Can loosenesse, which the wise dispraise,
So please a noble minde:
That true nobility contem'nd,
Sole pleasures there they finde?
Then must I needs disprise indeed,
And know not what to say:
For why the swine do most delight,
The most defiled pray.
The siluer fish, by nature doe

The

Oltania.

The purest streames delight :
The stately Faulcon, in all the cloudes,
Directs his towring flight,
The Eagles sel'dum liu in dales,
But perch on highest hills ;
And every thing delights his like,
And natures eaſe ſe fulfilleth,
But thou leſſe conſtant then all theſe,
Though I arte more base then they :
Inſtead of Christiaſt streames, doſt loue
In puddles vile to play,
Thou borne by nature to aduance
Thy thoughts to honor's height ;
Doſt careleſſly ſloope vnto shame,
And fall with thine owne weight.
Then neuer thinke, I thinke it ſtrange
That thou art fled from mee :
The heauens forbad my loweſt thoughts,
Should impatiente with thee.
But heeren thou art wiſe indeed,
To hide thy ſelfe away :
And ſuch as neuer haue thee knowne
By falſhood to betray,
For why, affiſe in ſelfe, all theſe
That do thy baſeneſſe know :
Thy fauſh inſtelle, and periurie,
Do much deteile thee now,
The heauens will sharply puniſh theſe,
And flye where ſo thou can :
Though for a time they do defene,

They'

Oltania.

They'l plague the periurde man,
Then view thy ſelfe in glaſſe of truthe,
And be not thus abuſe :
No honor euer crownd the man,
That humbly refuſd.
The nobler is the birth and place,
From whence thine honor came :
The more notorious iſ thy fault,
If thou debase the ſame.
No, iſ his wit hath thee bewitcht,
His ſweet delighting tongue :
Whiſt doth enchaunt thy wondring mind,
And makes thee lay this long.
This wit, indeed, were ſomething worth,
Were wiſdome ioyn'd thereto :
Yet not ſo much, that it ſhould ſerue
So many to vndoe.
The earth hath ~~not~~ a thing ſo rare,
Which wiſdome would not flye :
Year rather hate and much deteile,
Then purchase shame thereby.
Who can ſo loue a ſpotting wif,
That it procure his fall :
His kindnes ſe may be ludged great,
But ſure his wit is mall.
Then let vs loue hale *Caroline*,
For wiſe and noble bloud :
No, loathe him rather, for his wit
Knew neuer what was good.
And let vs *Caroline* bickyle, praise,

For

Ottania.

For he was witty sure,
But wicked too, and therefore *Rome*
Could not his wit endure.
The more a man excels in wit,
And ill employs the same :
The more do all men him detest,
That loue a vertuous name.
Though sweetly did the *syrens* sing,
Yet who to them gave care?
Their message to th' *Tenian* decepes,
He presently did beare.
Or is it beauty, that doth set
Thy heart so much on fire :
And captuate thy senses so,
That thou canst not retire ?
The rarest beauty of the face,
Cannot enforse the wife :
With paine to purchase living shame,
And better things despise.
Nor are the sayest always found,
The best, (as I suppose) :
Some noylsome flowers, do seeme as faire,
As doth the fragrant Rose :
That wonder breeding beautu' sure,
Which thou dost so esteeme :
Shall come to nothing at the last,
As first it was I deeme.
The Rose and Lylle cannot long
Content and please, the sight :
No goulden day could everscape,

The

Ottania.

The darke ensuing night,
Proude time will bierie beauties yong,
In furrowes of decaye :
Vert thou ten thousand times a prince,
Thou canst not forre it stay.
All these fond pleasures (if fond things
Deserue so good a name)
Should not seduce a noble minde,
To staine it selfe with shame.
The time shall come, when all these same,
Which seeme so ricke with ioy :
Like tyrants shal torment thy minde,
And vex thee with annoy.
When all those honye-tongued mates,
Can but weepe and lament :
That they by force, must part from thee,
Whose vital course is spent.
When all thy greatesse must be left,
To such as shal succeed :
When sweetest pleasures memory,
Most dreadfull thoughts shal breed ;
When this so much desired Sunne,
Shall but displease thy sight ;
And all things else shall seeme to want,
The taste of sweete delight.
When all the creatures of the earth,
Cannot procure thine ease :
And friends, with showres of vaine-shed teares,
Cannot thy greefe appease.
When tyranizing paine, shall stop

The

Ostania.

The passage of thy brenthe
And thee compell to tware thy selfe,
True seruant vnto deale,
Then shal conuersatione deale imparte
More pleasure vnto thy minde :
Then of the meare, that on earth,
Ankeous thoughts to finde.
The wel-ayre a time al ore short day,
One hower, one moment then :
Shal be as we tweet, then all the royes
Amongst vniuersall men.
Then shal thou finde out one refuge,
Whiche comfort can retaine :
A gaulleisle conuience pure and cleare,
From touch of sinfull staine.
Then shall thine inward eyes, behoude
The loathsome path of saine :
And thy proud heart repine in vaine,
That thou haue walke therem.
Then shall O.ostanias wrongs appeare,
Like monsters to thine eyes :
And thou shal curse the time, and day,
That thou didst me despise.
Then shall my sighes, and teares, enflame
A bonefire in thy minde :
And thou thy selfe, thy selfe shal loathe,
For being thus vnkinde.
At thy right hand, my wronged gheast,
Shall iust complaints reme :
And on thy left, that queene shall shew

Ostania.

What hath been wrought by you
About thy head, thine eyes shall see
The heauens to iustice bent :
Below thy feete, the pit of hel,
Ordain'd for punishment.
Ah plore Antenias how wil thou,
Abhorrre thy wretched state :
And most entirly then repente,
But then t' will be too late.
But thou great Emperour dost disdaine
Such sharpe rebukes to finde :
Fy pietie, and pittie both,
Are strangers to thy minde.
Thy braue heroick thoughts do scorne
To stoope to thele concepts :
To humble for such high reuclues,
As honors praise awaighes.
Then great Herculan, worthy prince,
What Trophyes may we raise,
To equall these thy great desigues
And manifest thy praise?
Who may enough augment thy fame,
To answere thy desert :
Who doost attempt with perury,
To breake a womans heart.
A glory great, a conquest fit,
For such as faithlesse be :
For in thy deeds, the world may view,
The worthe that is in thee
More then a man thou wouldst be thought.

What

H

And

Otavia.

And shou'dst indeed be so :
But let thy deed, more manly bee,
Or els that name forgoe.
That man which seemes a man in shew,
And is not such a one :
Deserues another name by right,
For he by right is none.
O do not thinke a womans death,
Can much endare thy name :
But thinke how this vmanly deed,
Will worke thine endlesse shame.
What man, that were a man indeed,
(Much lesse a Prince) would see,
His wife, and Queene, a spectacle,
Of greefe and miserie?
Would to the pittie of the world,
And to all wondring eyes,
My constant louing minde reied :
And guiltlesse me despise.
Would such vncessant stremes of teares,
Draw from these restlesse springs :
And loade my heart with endlesse greefe,
Which vter ruine brings.
But hide thy head and all is well,
Thy faults cannot be spied :
No, thou must know the beauens are iust,
And must their sentence bide.
When all those powers which thou hast wronged,
Shall punishment require :
How canst thou wretch be halfe inough,

To

Otavia.

To satisfie their ire :
How canst thou ever hope to pay
The forfeit of thy nase :
Vhen powerfull Justice shall impose,
The iul reuenge of this :
Vvhich makes me pitie more thy state,
Then greeue at mine owne wrong :
To thinks how he whom I haue lou'd,
Shall plagued be ere long.
Yet know, though I detest thy fault,
I beate thee no ill will :
For if Antonius will retorne,
He shall be loued still.

To which shes received this answer
following.

Antonius to Otavia.

Amongst the monstros stromes of woe,
Which do my loue surprize :
Thy dvesfull plaints Otavia, were
Presented to mine eyes.
O heauens ! how croly, haue you set,
Your still repugnant staries.
Which croly, croly my tyred life,
With mortall ciuill warres.
I see, and know, that to be true,
Which thou dost here obiect :
I see thou rightly callest that wrong,
Which I may not correct.

H 2

I finde

Antony.

I finde my selfe engulft in greefe,
Entrapt in mischeiftes power :
Yet cannot I auoide the storme,
Though it my lite deuoure.
Of force my heart must condiscend,
To what thou dost require :
Yet cannot I perorme the thing,
Which is thy chiefe desire.
I know the fite, and perfect way,
Which reason saith is best :
Yet willingly I follow that,
Which wisdom liketh least.
What reason will, that same would I,
And wisdom would so too :
But some thing greater then vs all,
Will not consent thereto.
That time, that day, those lookes, those words,
Are yet fresh in my minde :
When my departure, mutuall greefe,
Vnto vs both assign'd.
Those teares, I yet remember well,
Whiles I did thee imbrace :
Those seded silent speaking lookes,
Plac'd in each others face.
My words which true loue did endite,
And faith confirme the same :
(For constant truth did at that time,
Secure my thoughts from blame.)
My heart was free from thought of change,
My minde from false entent :

I scound

Antony.

I scornd a false dissembling worde,
And nought but truthe I meant.
But since mine eyes enticht their sight,
With Cleopatraes face :
My thoughts another obiect found,
My heart another place.
Whic object so allur'd my minde,
With rauishing delight :
That wanting her, I thought each day,
An endlesse tedious night.
My very thoughts fram'd all my wordes,
To Cleopatraes name :
Yea, when most great affaires withdrew,
My fancie from the same :
Mine eyes were blinde, mine eares were deafē,
My minde did scencelesse proue :
But when they saw, heard, or perceiu'd,
Hir face, hir name, hir loue :
No pleasures could my fancie please,
No mirth it selfe endearc :
Wherein th'idea of hir face,
Did not to me appeare.
What reasons left I vnapprou'd,
What counsailes force is to breake
The sweete capuining band of loue,
But all I found too weake.
He is deceiu'd, that thinks to finde,
A countermine in loue :
And woe is me, that speaking this,
I speake but what I proue.

H 3

Thus

Antony.

Thus I my selfe ill agent made,
And traitor of my blinde :
Can never hope to contradict,
Or to encounter this.
But though my yeeding heart as then,
They to loue di'd daunce :
That dead of mine, a greater pow'r,
By force renokes againe :
And those myth-tellous shges teach,
That every motion final
Is by a greater ouercome ;
Or hindred therewithall.
O den, thought reason, reason be,
What art it condicend :
And yeld to thir, against whose force
It can not vs defend :
And never met so sharply blame,
As actor of this ill :
Tis not *Antony*, but the heauens,
Which do withstand thy will.
And what the heauens do force vs to,
We may not disobay :
When their decrees are once entould,
O who may then say ~~any~~ ?
These moring stars which we belloued,
Our mindes do rule and guide :
An I looke what course they set vs in,
Therein must we abide.
This sparke of reason is not ours,
But lent vs from aboue.

The

Antony.

The Gods do giue and take the same,
They make vs loathe and loue.
Then deare, why shouldest thou so vpbraide
And sharply reprehend :
Thy *Antony* : for such a fault
As he may not amend.
If in my heart I did thee hate,
Then were I worthy blame :
But I haue euer lou'd thee well,
Who well deseruedst the same.
And though I cannot thee afford,
The dearest of my heart :
Yet needst thou not thus to complaine,
Who hast so large a part :
No day, no night, their posting course,
So speedily could frame :
But they beheld, my thoughts, returne
Due homage to thy name.
When blouly terror, danger, death,
Vpon me did lay houldie :
Thy memory reuiu'd my minde,
And made my courage bolde.
No not a thousand fierce assaults,
And perils many moe :
Could euer force my louing heart,
Ottanis to forgoe.
But tyrant loue, me from my selfe,
And from my Queene doth steale :
And pardon me though I perhaps,
Too great a fault reueale.

H 4

And

Anthony.

And pardon needs, I must obtaine,
If this so much offend:
For heere my loue did first begin,
And heere my life must end.
Heere will I shew, I neither am
Vnconstant, nor vnkinde:
For Cleopatra whiles I loue,
Shall me most constant make,
Why am I call'd an Emperor,
If I should subiect be:
And be compeld to leave the thing
Vvhich most delighteth me?
No deare *Ottavia*, thy request
Can neuer be fulfilled:
Let Gods be Gods, and Kings be Kings,
For none but cowards yeeld.
VVere she as *B. H. M.*, when she lodg'd
Hir vnkownne greatest guest:
VVere she a Lyon, Lyber, VVolfe,
Or some worse sauadge beast;
VVere she a furie, or what else,
Vvhose presence glads my heart,
And to my rauisht captiuus bauld,
Such sweetnesse doth impart;
I would exceede *yonas simple quiftes*:
And giue the machine round,
And all the treasures, wealth, and store,
Which therein may be found:
I would from parents, children, friends,
My dearest thoughts remoue,

Anthony

Surrender scepter, kingdome, crowne,
For to enjoy my loue.
And by my bountie, trath and zeale,
The ciring world should see:
No base, or seruile, scorned thought,
Had euer place in me.
I would disdaine a morark shoud,
But equall my desire:
My constant faith shoud faire exceed,
The height of all aspire,
They do but blow the coales of hate,
Which my designes improue:
If euer fault may pardon get,
O pardon faulty loue.
I grant, I were a monster vile,
Vnworthy of my life:
If I should hate, or ~~thee~~ disdaine,
Who wast my spouse and wife.
But Cleopatraes deare & loue,
In me doth beare such sway:
That I enuy or mal'ice none,
So I may her enjoy.
And say not, tis a shamefull thing
To loue a stranger so:
For loue I must, and loue I will,
Though all the world say no.
The gods I hope wil not be mou'd,
Such sharp reuenge to take:
On those which err, but in such faults,
As they themselves did make.

Surrender

Were

Antony.

Were it dishonor to be kinde,
To thofe we belt esteeme:
Great *Low* himfelfe could not be free,
From ſuſh disgrace (I deere).
That monſter quelling i *ziles*,
Should haue been caſted base:
When his victorious conqueſting arme,
Did *Omphale* imbrace.
No, I diſtaine, the brauest minde
That drawes this vitall breath,
Should thinke me base, who haue contemnd.
The very face of death.
Tis rather base, to be compel'd
To that we fancy leaſt:
O why am I a Prince, if not
To doe as likeſ me beſt?
Suppoſe within my ſedled minde,
There could be ſuſh a thought:
That to conſent to thy requeſt,
I haply mought be brought.
Would not the Princeſſe of my ſoule,
My *Cleopatra*, pay
The laſteſt tribute of her life,
Her *Antony* to ſtay?
Are not her words, her ſighes, her teares,
Moſt preciuſe to my heart?
Doth not her face, her tongue, her wit,
My ſoules delight impart?
How then can I (vnhappy man)
My ſelue ſo well diſpoſe.

As

Antony.

As mought content and pleafe you both, 't
Who both your ſelues oppoſe.
No *Hercules* can this perorme,
No *Sphyra*: this doubt excluder
Yet thus I ſuſly am reſolu'd,
And thus I doo conclude,
The knot which cannot be vndone,
In ſunder thus I ſtrike:
Heere will I ſtand, heere will I bide,
And loue you both alike.
Let *Cel* or fight, *Otanis* frowne,
Let children waile and weep:
Thus I reſolute, and thus I vow,
Which vow ile firmly keep.
And if your malice, and perhaps
My fortune, doe procure:
That all my words and deeds, the worſt
Conſtruction muſt endure:
My conſtant truth, and truſt reſolu'd,
That worſt muſt needs abide:
For why from this well-grounded loue,
My heart ſhall neuer thide.
Thou'ſt all things truly ſeſt in doo'd,
But neuer ſpyeſt the wound:
By which my ſweet affeſting thoughts,
Their endleſſe thraldom found.
By which my prayer ſcoring heart,
Is brought to condiſend:
To which that this my chiefe deſire,
Mought not too much offend.

Aske,

Antony.

Aske, take, assume all that you list,
Performe your hearts desire:
So that you neither her from me,
Nor me from her require.
While I my *Cesaria* may,
Betweene these armes enfold:
I enuy not great *Ceres* wealth,
Nor *Aidas* store of gold.
But if vneitable fate,
Her presence should deny:
Though all the world were mine besides,
With penury I dye.
Nor let it seeme so passing strange,
That I cannot be moued:
By thy entreaty to forgoe,
The thing so much beloued.
Through thine owne heart, do but beholde:
And see how small auaile:
Perswasions, reasons, words, and wit,
Affections force to quale.
If none of those can take effect,
To winne thy loue from me:
Why shouldst thou think that frome this *Queene*,
I can diuorce be?
Sith wisedome then can neuer shew,
It selfe more wisely iure:
Then to forgoe that thing with ease,
Which paine cannot procure.
Ah then not thus against the streme,
But dry thy teares againe;

For

Antony.

For to perswade me booteles is,
To force me is more vaine.
Though al the world shoulde withstand
I will not be withheld,
A Prince dislikes to be gaine-said,
But scornes to be compel'd.
And it may be (for who can tel,
What absence may procure)
That faire *Ottavia* neuer couid,
So long time chaste endure.
Ah, can I thinke in such excesse,
Of liberty and store,
Of *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and what els,
May be desired more.
Amongst so many tedious daies,
And nights, of great disport,
Amongst such braue heriocke Lords,
As to that Court resort,
That thy vnmoued minde, can be
So tyed to *Vestas* rightes,
But that sometimes it will consent,
To *Venus* sweet delights?
Can that faire face, which in all hearts
Doth high affection moue:
Resist so many strong attempts,
As will assault thy loue?
No, no, they are not alwaies true,
Whiche doe most truely speake:
If it were so, how then am I,
More then a woman weake?

And

Antony.

And yet my conscience doth differ,
And plainly this deny:
And yet suspicion doth maintaine,
It cannot be a lye.
O how can he be ever brought,
To thinke another true:
Who through the guilt of his owne minde,
The others life doth view?
And should I then returne to *Rosme*,
Mine honor thus to vyle?
No, rather let me finde a tombe,
In any foraigne soyle.
And since thou knowest (O too too well),
Antonius high disgrace:
He must prouide of all the world,
Not to beholde thy face.
Thy face the lecture of his misse,
The mirrour of his shame:
The euer wounding rod, and spur
Of my eclipsed fame.
The disproportion of our thoughts,
Could never well agree:
Thou still shouldest hate my faithlesse,
I blush thy truth to see.
A fault doth never with remorse,
Our mindes so deeply moue:
As when another's guiltless life,
Our errour doth reprove.
But be it, that from all those doubtes,
I could my minde set free:

Antony.

Yet whiles ambitious *Cesar* liues,
I may not come to thee.
Let all the world perswations vse,
And their best counsell giue:
For me, I r—— will be drawne,
In dangers mouth to liue.
I cannot brooke, another shoule,
Be mightier then I:
An equall in th' imperiall seate,
My heart doth much enuy.
And who so simple, that will looke
For faith or truth in thos:
Whose faithlesnes may hap to gaine,
Whose truth a crowne must loose.
There is no truth in such, whose hearts,
An Empire doe affect:
Competitors may talke of truth,
But doe all truth neglect.
And be it, that we could agree
Which hath been seldome knowne:
Yet still in time, from priuate grudge,
Such quarrels great haue growne.
Such bloudy deeds, such strife, debate,
Such outrage, murther, death:
That words, and oathes and al, haue prou'd
But vaine dissembling breath.
No nature, reason, counsell, wit,
Ambition can constraine,
To hold vnuiolable truth:
Or conscience to detaine.

Yet

Antony.

Pale feare, mistrust, vnlook'd for chance,
And fortunes dytesful brownes:
Most deep suspect, and swift reuenge,
Attendant are on crownes.
Not that I dread or stand in feare,
What Caesar can procure,
But that this absence better mought,
My safety assure.
And it may hap (for none can tel)
In time what may be wrought:
Since vnguested chayce, my loue
To Cleopatra brought.
So happy time, so good an hower,
For thee may hap to fall:
Which may my loue and fancy, backe
From her againe recall.
In hope whereof, O Asia must
Her sighes and teares supprese:
Vntill *Antonius* finde the meanes,
These errors to redresse.

FINIS.

Errata.

Act. 2, pag. 3, line 8, for highest read highnes.
Act. 2, pag. 22, line 8, for frowardnes read forwardnes.
Act. 5, pag. 4, line 1, for ascribe read asigne.
Epist. 1, pag. 1, line 16, for Tough read Though.

PR Brandon, Samuel
2439 The virtuous Octavia
B4A7
1598ab

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